

Praxis

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Praxis

by [CoraRiley](#)

Summary

Kylo Ren is a man driven by his dark obsessions and a new, pretty little thing has caught his hungry attention. There is something about the girl he can't ignore. He must possess her mind, body, and soul...but is she more than Kylo bargained for?

Notes

Hi My Lovelies!!

Never say never, right? Can't believe I'm here again...but a muse bit me. I can't make any promises...my life is chaotic, my mind is chaotic...but I will say that I will try my hardest to encourage this muse to stay. Although dark, this should be a fun one. I really hope you like it!

So sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride...hmm?

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

One

Kylo tossed his empty coffee cup into the metal garbage bin and dug his right hand into the front pocket of his black Under Armour hoodie. Wrestling his slim phone from its confines, he anxiously scanned his dark gaze across the cracked glass screen and quirked his lips into a knowing smirk.

6:42 am. Right on time.

Standing from the wooden park bench, Kylo once again secured his phone and began to casually run in place; his shallow breaths causing a white fog to cloud the cold December air around him. It wouldn't be long before his beautiful prey rounded the corner of the winding trail. Kylo could already hear the sound of her sneakers padding rhythmically against the gravel trail. She was running faster than normal he mused, no doubt trying to work off her frustration from the night before.

His plan had worked after all. *Good.*

Knowing his obsession was only paces away, Kylo started to lightly jog down the pathway; making sure that his excited eyes stared dead ahead in an effort to not spook Rey as she ran past. The last thing he wanted was for her to panic. He had seen her fight before and knew what a hellion she could become when her adrenaline began to flow.

No, Kylo reminded himself. He didn't want to cause any substantial physical or emotional pain on the woman that consumed his every waking thought. This needed to go as smooth as possible. Rey deserved for things to be easy on her for once in her life.

Feeling the breeze shift as Rey's svelte body sprinted to his right, Kylo slowed his steps slightly and gave his love the opportunity to take the lead. Allowing himself a moment to admire the way her chestnut hued ponytail bounced with each quick paced stride, Kylo reached his hand back into the worn pocket of his hoodie. After counting to ten in his mind, he quickly closed the gap between their moving bodies. Before Rey had a chance to realize what was going on, Kylo pulled a small medical syringe from his pocket and pounced on her thin form.

Rey would learn to trust him.

To want him.

To love him.

Two

Chapter Notes

Hi My Sweethearts!!

Thank you for reading on!! Let's just dive right in, shall we?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Rey whimpered aloud, her voice mimicking a wounded animal ensnared in a jagged trap. At first the drugged brunette felt nothing, her limp and useless body refused to budge no matter how hard she tried. As the hollow minutes passed by, however, Rey's cloudy mind began to clear, allowing her to make sense of what had transpired.

Keeping her eyes tightly shut, the girl remembered her last few moments of consciousness. She recalled the way the frigid air bit her flushed cheeks as she ran down the dark trail; the way her sneakers slid over the icy, gray gravel path. How she had quickened her pace to keep from falling flat on her face. Rey remembered that there was another runner ahead, a tall man moving much slower than what Rey instantly knew he was capable of. She felt no fear, however, as she ran past him. No, there wasn't any fear. That didn't come until she felt his hulking body tackle her to the ground. At the same moment she fell hard onto the rocky trail, something sharp pierced the exposed skin of her neck. Rey had just enough time to scream once before an inky blackness swallowed her whole.

She had been attacked, drugged, and abducted. Her body was in no condition to fight. If Rey wanted to be in control of the situation, she needed to keep her wits about her. She would be the one in power, not the man who had taken her against her will.

Taking stock of the situation, Rey slowed her breathing and focused on determining where she was. She could tell she was lying on a firm, almost uncomfortable surface, but that there was a soft pillow gently cradling her head. Although the room seemed cool, a warm blanket covered her body; its plush, faux fur texture lovingly tucked in around her. A soft hum of a familiar machine played in the background and a comforting smell of lavender wafted through the air. If Rey didn't know better, she would've sworn she was back home in her tiny apartment.

Only she *knew* in the pit of her stomach that she wasn't, and she also knew that she wasn't alone.

"Comfortable?" A deep male voice suddenly asked, snapping Rey from her racing thoughts.

Licking her cracked lips, the girl slowly opened her eyes; wincing ever so slightly as the room's overhead light intensified the throbbing sensation squeezing around her skull.

"Mmm...where am I?" Rey breathed, trying unsuccessfully to move her numb arms.

"Somewhere safe. That's all you need to know," Kylo answered, reaching out to brush his knuckles along the girl's jaw line, "the paralysis you're experiencing is a minor side effect of the drug I injected into you this morning. Now...don't panic. *Shhh...don't panic*, it won't last long...I assure you that I did it for your own good."

Rey glowered at her captor and fought back the urge to spit in his handsome face. He had pumped her full of something that had knocked her out and paralyzed her for her own good? *Right* .

Clicking his tongue against the roof of his mouth, Kylo moved to sit his large frame on the edge of the cot next to Rey. There was a sudden fire flashing within her warm brown eyes, causing the hair on the back of his neck to stand up on end with excitement. She was a fighter, alright. Taming the girl would be the most delicious triumph Kylo would ever taste, of that he was certain.

“I’m not lying to you, Rey. I could have bound you to the bed in chains that would’ve left your wrists and ankles bruised and broken. Yet here you are, completely free of any restraints so that I can have this talk with you and make you see that you *want* to be here with me. Wasn’t that nice of me, Sweetheart?” Kylo purred, softly swiping the pad of his thumb along Rey’s trembling lower lip.

Rey turned her face away from Kylo’s gentle touch and took in a breath to calm herself. Her captor was being too open with her and clearly wanted her trust. Killing her didn’t seem to be his motive, not yet at least. If she could just keep him engaged with her until the drug wore off, then perhaps she could escape.

“How do you know my name?” Rey wondered, purposefully softening her voice.

Unable to stop himself from touching his guest, Kylo brushed an errant strand of hair from Rey’s eyes and gave a thoughtful shrug.

“I know almost everything there is to know about you, Sweetheart. I’ve been studying you for some time, now...you’re such a fascinating creature. Your little quirks intrigue me...like how you wake up every morning exactly at five fifteen without the need of an alarm clock and immediately jump into the shower. You keep the water at an almost *scalding* temperature and stand under the spray for at least five minutes before washing your hair. You keep your shampoo bottle on the right hand side of the tub, and the conditioner on the--”

“You’ve been in my apartment?” Rey interrupted, finally meeting her abductor’s hungry stare.

“Of course...many times,” Kylo grinned before nonchalantly returning to his thoughts, “But out of all of your idiosyncrasies Rey, and you really do have *so* many...I think my favorite is that you meticulously ration yourself twenty almonds a day as a snack. You eat the first ten after your second cup of coffee and the last ten when you get home from work. You think they’re healthy and that you have a balanced diet but you don’t nearly eat enough, Rey...and that worries me terribly...but we will work that.”

“We will work on that?” Rey asked.

“Ohhh...my love. We will be working on *many* things,” Kylo promised.

Rey swallowed once and attempted to lift her head from the silk encased pillow. No, killing her wasn’t his motive, she realized; her captor wanted much more than to end her life. He wanted to groom and mould her, *that* was his motive.

“What if I don’t want to?”

Straightening his posture on the hard cot, Kylo pursed his lips together and gave himself a moment before answering the girl’s question. Her ungratefulness was leaving a sour taste in his mouth. After being abandoned and spending so many years alone, Kylo expected her to be just at least a *tiny* bit thankful that he had taken such a huge interest in her well being.

“You will,” he stated confidently, choosing to forgive his obsession.

“If you believe that, then you don’t know me as well as you think you do,” Rey countered, pulling her bottom lip between her teeth. She knew it was a risk to goad her captor, but the girl just couldn’t help herself.

“Ohh...there's that spark I love so much,” Kylo said with a wink before standing from the cot, “Rey...I know this must be very hard to take in right now, that's why I'm behind so forgiving...but there's nothing you can do to change the situation. It is in your best interest to just accept it.”

Blinking up at her abductor, Rey decided to remain silent but gave a tiny nod in faux agreement. She would be the perfect, compliant little doll for him; until the paralysis wore completely off.

“Good girl,” Kylo praised, stepping towards the black metal door of her room, “now...I know you’re hungry. I can practically hear your stomach growling from over here. I’m going to leave you for a few minutes to get you your lunch. I won’t be gone long, Sweetheart. And just so you don’t get any ideas in my absence...your room is completely soundproof and there are no windows for you to break...the only way out is through this door, and I assure you, it is *very* secure.”

Once again, Rey nodded her head in acknowledgement; reminding herself that she wouldn’t be helpless for forever. At her earliest opportunity, she would be escaping through that damn door.

Giving the girl one last longing look, Kylo quietly unlocked the door and pulled the heavy hunk of metal open. He wouldn’t be gone long, but found himself missing the girl, already.

“Wait!” Rey exclaimed suddenly, trying to lift her head as high off of the pillow as she could.

Stopping himself halfway through the open threshold, Kylo turned back towards his obsession and arched a dark brow.

“Yes, Sweetheart?”

“Well...you know my name, I think it's only proper if I know yours as well,” Rey said, curving her lips into a sugary sweet smile.

“Kylo...you may call me Kylo,” he offered simply before fully exiting the room and locking the door behind him; leaving the girl alone and helpless in her small room.

Chapter End Notes

Ohhh...ok...Rey's stuck. For the moment, at least. I'm actually worried for Kylo, lol...

So what did you think? Let me know!! Thank you for reading, I appreciate it more than you realize!! <3 <3 <3

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Hello Lovelies!!

Woah!! An update?! I know...it's been forever and a day. I'm sorry about that. My life...well, it's not the best and my creativity has suffered tremendously. BUT, somehow I was able to write this so...yay? Tiny victories I suppose.

Right. Now that that sad apology is out of the way...let's get on with the crazy, shall we??

Oh! Also...I don't work with a Beta. So if you see any typos, errors, whatever. It's all on me. I'm sure there are little things strewn about, forgive me in advance.

Ok...LET'S GO!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Keeping her hazel eyes glued to the popcorn ceiling of her cell, Rey let out a sigh and methodically wiggled her tingling fingers and toes. Although the girl hated waiting more than anything in the world, she was thankful that her captor had been gone longer than she anticipated. It gave her mind an opportunity to formulate a plan of action and her body a chance to recover. Thankfully, Rey could now move her limbs without any extra effort and hoped it wouldn't be long before the rest of her body followed suit. The quicker she could fully move again, the faster she could escape.

Although Kylo wasn't physically in the room with her, Rey knew she was being monitored. A red blinking light in her peripheral vision told her so. It took every ounce of control in her body to not look into the white bubbled camera and tell her captor exactly what she thought of him. How he was a pathetic, limp dicked motherfucker whose ass she couldn't wait to kick.

Soon, she thought to herself.

Tapping her finger tips against her blanket covered thighs, Rey began to replay the interaction with her abductor over and over again in her mind. It was apparent to the girl that Kylo had done this before, but something told her that what he was doing with her was different. There was something other than murderous intent behind his handsome face. He was too soft with her, had looked at her too fondly. Without meaning to, Kylo had told Rey exactly where his weakness lie; a stupid mistake on his part.

"Sloppy," Rey said aloud, turning her steely gaze directly at the camera.

Within the span of a second, Rey heard a loud buzz followed by Kylo's honeyed voice echo against the walls of her sparse cell.

"What was that, my love?"

Painting a sugary smile across her chapped lips, Rey blinked innocently at the white bubble and shrugged her heavy shoulders. Yes, he was watching her indeed.

“Oh, nothing...I was just wondering when you were coming back. I’m getting lonely in here,” she offered, pouting her mouth slightly.

A small, dark laugh came across the speaker of the camera. Rey couldn’t tell if he was annoyed or amused by her comment; she hoped it was the latter.

“I’ll be right there,” Kylo promised before quickly silencing the speaker.

Taking in a deep breath, Rey pulled her eyes away from the camera and focused on the metal handle of her door. Soon, she heard the heavy lock lift and something press against the hatch. My, wasn’t her captor an eager beaver.

“I’m sorry it took me so long, Sweetheart,” Kylo said as he entered Rey’s cell, “I wanted to make sure that the sauce tasted just right.”

Using his foot, Kylo closed the heavy door behind him and made his way to the small cot; carrying with him a mahogany tray that held a plate of spaghetti and meatballs and a glass of red wine. Not bothering to lock the door, he instead sat down beside the girl and gave her a warm smile. He was so proud of Rey for accepting her current situation and intended on rewarding her for maintaining a calm demeanor.

“I made you your favorite dish...I even added a touch of brown sugar to the sauce. That’s your secret ingredient, right?” Kylo offered, placing the fragrant tray of food and wine at the foot of the cot.

“You really do know all about me, don’t you?” Rey murmured, giving Kylo a small smirk.

Gently pulling Rey into a sitting position, Kylo carefully moved her against the wall at the head of her bed. Making sure she was strong enough to sit on her own, Kylo scooted his large form to the edge of the cot and reached back down to grab the wooden tray.

“That I do, Rey...but don’t worry, I won’t tell anyone about the sugar,” he said with a wink before picking up a fork and twirling a bit of pasta onto the utensil, “how are you feeling?”

Rey watched Kylo intently as he lifted the filled fork and brought it towards her watering mouth. Although the spaghetti smelled delicious, the girl knew she shouldn’t consume anything her abductor gave her. She would rather starve than have him drug her again.

“I’m feeling fine...but no, thank you. I’m not hungry,” Rey lied.

Noticing Rey’s hesitation, Kylo turned the utensil and shoveled the pasta into his own mouth. He couldn’t blame her for being cautious and wanted her to know that he didn’t intend on hurting her again. This wasn’t going to work if she didn’t trust him, he reminded himself. Swallowing the food, Kylo put the fork down on the plate and moved the tray onto Rey’s lap.

“I promise you, Rey...I didn’t put anything in the spaghetti that shouldn’t be there.”

Pursing her lips together, Rey pulled her gaze from Kylo’s intense stare towards the glass of red wine on the tray.

“Nor did I spike the wine,” Kylo said with a small sigh before picking up the wine glass and taking a deliberately large sip. If he needed to show the girl that her food and drink were safe before every meal, then so be it.

Licking her parched lips, Rey lifted her hand and took the etched glass from Kylo; gasping slightly as her fingers accidentally brushed against his. There was an immediate spark passed between them

in that moment that caused a shiver to race down her spine. Now was not the time for her to form an attraction to the man that was holding her captive.

“I’m fine re---,”

“Please,” Kylo interrupted, his voice shaking slightly, “eat and drink, Sweetheart. I know you’re famished.”

Rey paused a moment and carefully weighed her options. Her captor wouldn’t be stupid enough to ingest the meal if he had slipped something into it. Not only that, but it would be counterproductive on his part if he lied to her about it. He wanted her trust and it was in Rey’s best interest if she let Kylo believe he had it.

Deciding to play the game, Rey picked the fork up with her free hand and began to consume the homemade spaghetti and meatballs; pausing every so often to wash it down with a gulp of dry red wine. She could care less that her captor was watching her shovel food into her face with complete awe.

“Good?” Kylo asked, arching a dark brow. It had been far too long since he had the pleasure of watching a beautiful woman enjoy something he had made.

“Mmmhmm,” Rey murmured, swallowing a bite of perfectly seasoned meatball, “who taught you how to cook? Your mother?”

Within the span of a second, Kylo’s otherwise warm face took on a hardened facade. Clearing his throat, he shook his head once and met the girl’s widening gaze.

“No. She didn’t,” Kylo said, his tone icy and curt, “and you are to never ask about my mother ever again. Do you understand, Rey?”

Fuck, Rey thought. Clearly, Kylo had some unresolved, deep seeded issues towards his mother. Instantly, the girl knew she was skating on thin ice and needed to diffuse the situation quickly. Giving the upset man a nod, she scooped up the last bit of sauce laden pasta and brought it to her lips; mentally tucking away the tidbit of information to use to her advantage at another time.

“Yes...I understand, Kylo. I won’t mention her again,” Rey said softly before taking the last bite of her meal.

Pleased with her response, Kylo took the empty fork from Rey’s grasp and lifted the wooden tray from her lap. Now was not the time to lose his temper with his beautiful guest, especially now when her behavior was exactly what he had hoped it would be. Rey was a fast learner, of course she would understand very quickly that she would fare far better if she followed his direction.

“Good girl,” Kylo praised while placing the tray on the cement floor of the cell.

“Thank you for the supper...it was delicious,” Rey offered, feeling her cheeks speckle pink from a combination of the wine and the wolffish gaze Kylo was suddenly giving her.

Not paying attention to Rey’s words, Kylo instead focused on a smearing of red spaghetti sauce at the corner of the girl’s mouth. Leaning in towards her slim body, he resisted the temptation to kiss the sauce from her lips; opting instead to use the pad of his thumb to wipe it away.

“What a messy little thing you a—“

Before Kylo had a chance to finish his sentence, he was effectively hushed by the shock of Rey

grabbing his wrist and holding his long arm still. With a furrowed brow, he watched in stunned silence as the girl took his thumb into her warm mouth; swirling her wet tongue suggestively over his digit and licking his skin clean. It was obvious to Kylo that Rey felt the same, animalistic attraction he had felt since the moment he laid eyes on her those six long months ago. Why else would she be doing this?

Smiling to herself as she watched Kylo's brown eyes darken with want, Rey gently released his thumb from her mouth and held his hand tightly in her own. Maybe this plan she had hastily thrown together would work. It wouldn't hurt to try at least.

"Mmm...thank you, Kylo. I'm not used to someone taking care of me. I'm feeling lucky right now...and extremely warm. Do you...do you think you could help untuck the blanket a little bit? I would kick it off, myself...but my legs aren't quite completely working, yet," Rey lied.

Snapping himself back to reality, Kylo blinked his eyes and paused a moment to gather his thoughts. Rey wasn't the only one feeling warm after her little flirty display and he couldn't help but wonder how his now aching cock would feel inside that pouty little mouth of hers.

"Hmm? Oh, yes...yes of course, Sweetheart. Here, let me take care of that for you."

Quickly standing from the cot, Kylo grabbed onto the hem of the heavy blanket resting on Rey's hips and pulled the fabric from her slim body. Neatly folding the blanket in his arms, he reached down and draped the bedding over the metal footboard of the modest bed.

"There, that's better, hmm? I'll be back in a moment...you need a fresh change of clothes," Kylo said, turning away from the girl.

"Wait!" Rey exclaimed, not wanting to let this moment pass her by.

Pulling his attention back to the girl, Kylo quirked his head and took a step closer to her; bending down slightly over her semi-prone body and giving her a tiny grin, "Yes, Rey?"

"You felt that, right?" Rey asked.

"Felt what?"

Rey took in a tiny breath and glanced down demurely. Now was the time to put her thoughts into action. She knew exactly how she needed to work this situation in order to escape. If the girl played her cards right, she would be out of her cell before her captor realized just what had happened.

"That spark...when I touched you. I think there's something between us. Am I just imagining things, or did you feel it too?" Rey wondered, deliberately lifting her eyes and once again locking them to her abductor's.

Kylo bit the smooth flesh of his cheek to stop himself from smiling. Her comment had taken him off guard much in the same way her actions did only moments prior. He thought it would take Rey some time to allow herself to feel any sort of attraction but lucky for him, the girl was letting her emotions win over her head. This was better than anything he could've hoped for.

"You aren't imagining anything, Sweetheart," Kylo said before once again taking a seat on the edge of the cot, "I feel it, too. I've felt it from the first moment I saw you. You're all I've ever wa--,"

"May I kiss you?" Rey asked suddenly, cutting Kylo off.

"You...you want to kiss me?" Kylo asked, his deep voice cracking ever so slightly in amazement.

Rey nodded her head and slowly licked her chapped lips, trying her best to entice her handsome captor. It was now or never, she reminded herself. She would be free, soon.

“Yes, very much so.”

Moving closer to the girl, Kylo leaned his torso towards Rey and lifted his large hand to cup the side of her comely face. Brushing his thumb over the sprinkling of freckles gracing her cheek, he brought his face a scant few inches away from the girls and looked straight into her hazel eyes. Oh, how he had been dreaming of this moment and now that it was finally happening, Kylo couldn't believe his luck.

“Then kiss me, Rey,” Kylo whispered.

Praying that her little plan would work, Rey let out a shaky breath and closed her eyes before gently pressing her lips to Kylo's in an act of faux want. At first she played the virgin, timidly kissing her abductor's full lips. Rey wasn't sure as to how he wanted her to behave, whether her abductor wanted an angel or vamp. It was imperative that she keep him on the hook before it was too late.

Feeling the girl's hesitation, Kylo took the lead and deepened their first kiss; encouraging Rey's perfect lips to move under his in a passionate game of give and take. He alternated his need from gentle to hungry and back again. Nipping the girl's bottom lip and then soothing it with a swipe of his tongue. It wasn't long before he felt her soften and return his kisses with fervor. Her apparent enthusiasm was better than anything Kylo ever dreamed. He had her right where he wanted.

Rey's heartbeat raced as she realized their heated kiss wasn't as repulsive as she thought it might be. On the contrary, she found herself thoroughly enjoying the torrid moment. It was apparent from the way her body was betraying her that Kylo knew how to kiss, and kiss well. Rey almost didn't want it to end. *Almost.*

“Mmmm...more , ” Rey breathed against Kylo's moving mouth, “ *more.* ”

Spurned on by the girl's heady plea, Kylo maneuvered his large form over her; trying his best not to crush her slim body as he settled himself between her thighs on the cramped cot. It appeared as if the drug he injected into her on the trail had fully worked out of her system by the way Rey wrapped her toned legs around his waist. *Perfect timing*, Kylo smugly thought. There was no turning back now, Rey was *his*.

Moaning wantonly into the seemingly passionate kiss, Rey hooked her feet together and squeezed her legs in an effort to hold Kylo tightly in place. Not wanting to tip him off to what was happening, the girl rolled her hips and moved her hands to either side of her captor's angular face; creating the semblance of a woman giving into her lustful desire. It was now or never, this hastily thrown together plan *had* to work.

After counting to three in her mind, Rey pulled Kylo's lower lip between her teeth and her bit down on as hard as she could. Hearing her abductor yelp in sudden pain, Rey gruffly yanked his torso to hers and rolled off of the cot; taking Kylo down hard onto the cement floor with her. Maneuvering her legs from his waist, the girl pushed him flat on the unforgiving surface and pinned her bony knees onto his broad shoulders. It was time for Rey to unleash all of the anger she had spent years repressing, Kylo had chosen the wrong girl to take.

Kylo looked up at Rey in utter disbelief. Confusion tore at the back of his mind as he tried to make sense of just what had happened. One minute he was kissing the love of his life, the next he was lying on his back with the wind knocked from his lungs and his lip torn and bloody. All sense of time seemed to come to a grinding halt and before he could react and deflect, Kylo felt the crushing

blow of Rey's closed fist making contact with his nose once...twice...and then a third, which left him dazed and unable to move.

Satisfied with her final punch, Rey stood to full height and jumped a foot away from Kylo's writhing body. Shaking her stinging hand, the girl gave her abductor a scathing look before kicking him in the ribs in rapid succession and screaming a stream of obscenities into the stale air of the room. Even if Rey didn't escape, at least she had this moment. That thought alone thrilled her to no end. Knowing that time was not on her side, the girl ended her vicious attack and sprinted towards the unlocked door; making her way out of her suffocating cell without a second glance to the man yelling at her to come back.

Kylo gripped his hand to his bruised ribs and growled in acute pain. He knew that Rey could fight, and fight well, but he never thought she would attack him like this. The girl had broken his trust, and she would pay for it. Lolling to his knees, Kylo used the cot to hoist himself to a standing position. Did she really think she could escape? He was almost disappointed in Rey's act of defiance, she was smarter than this. Wiping the blood trickling from his nose and mouth with a swipe of the back of his hand, Kylo advanced his hulking body towards the door.

"REY!" he yelled, *"YOU WON'T LEAVE ME!"*

Rey whimpered aloud as she looked around the singular, darkened hallway lined with closed metal doors on either side. Just where the *fuck* was Kylo keeping her?! The girl had never seen anything like it before in her life. A cold shiver fell over her from head to toe as she realized just how dire the situation was. Hearing heavy footsteps behind her, the girl ran from door to door; trying desperately to open each to no avail.

SHIT. FUCK. SHIT. Rey screamed to herself.

Kylo stepped from the threshold of Rey's cell out into the hallway and shook his head in disbelief as he watched Rey try in vain to open the last door on the right.

"Just give up, Rey...give up now, and I won't be angry with you," Kylo spat through the blood still falling from his injured nose.

"FUCK YOU!" Rey yelled.

Stopping himself midway to the sputtering hellcat, Kylo lifted his hands in a motion to show Rey that he didn't intend to harm her, not yet at least.

"Rey...you don't want to try that last door," Kylo warned.

Rey turned her attention from her abductor to the last metal door on the left side of the hallway. That *must* be the exit, of course he wouldn't want her to try it. Baring her teeth at Kylo, the girl ran to the last door with focused determination. She was going to get out of here if it was the last thing she did.

"Rey! DON--!"

Before Kylo could finish his sentence, he watched in horror as Rey reached out and touched her hand to the polished nickel door handle. A loud 'ZAP' filled the claustrophobic space as a sharp, electric jolt entered Rey's body; causing her thin form to seize and convulse uncontrollably before falling to the floor in a boneless heap.

Letting out an annoyed sigh, Kylo removed a pair of metal handcuffs from the back pocket of his jeans and slowly made his way to the girl lying on the cold cement. He knew she was still conscious by the way her hazel eyes tracked him down the hallway. *Good*, he thought, *it worked*. Kylo didn't

know what he would've done if the bolt had killed her.

"You should have listened to me, Rey," Kylo tsked, bending over the girl and securing her wrists with the unforgiving handcuffs, "now we have to do things the hard way."

Wiping a sweaty curl from Rey's forehead, he placed a bloody kiss to her temple and gathered her limp body into his capable arms. Cradling her lovingly to his chest, Kylo carried the moaning girl down the hallway to a different room than the one Rey was originally kept. One he had hoped he wouldn't have to use.

"Don't worry, Sweetheart...we aren't done, yet."

Chapter End Notes

Ohhhhhh....I told you this was going to be dark, my lovelies.

What do you think is going to happen? Let me know down in the box below!!

Interaction and comments help me tremendously...so please don't be shy. Otherwise, I'll just assume that you didn't care for it and my muse will go hide for another six months.

As always, thank you for reading...I appreciate it more than you will ever know!! <3 <3
<3

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Hello Sweethearts!!

WOW AN UPDATE!! I know, crazy right?! Let's see if I can continue the momentum...yall were so kind to me last chapter and it really did keep this muse alive. I must thank you for that. Interaction with me is key...it helps me write, it helps me keep the stories alive in my mind. So, thank you.

As I've said before, I don't work with a beta...so if you see any errors, I apologize in advance. I'm human and all of that jazz.

Now that that is all out of the way...are you ready for crazy Kylo?? I know I am...LET'S GO!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“That looks painful,” Rey offered smugly, motioning with a flick of her chin towards Kylo’s marred face.

Kylo surveyed the shackled girl with a critical eye before bending down and placing a bottle of water at her bare feet. It had been three days since Rey’s escape attempt and her words to him were few and far between. Although he knew she meant her comment to be a jab, he was still pleased to finally hear her voice again.

“What, this?” Kylo began, pointing to his splinted nose, “it’s nothing.”

Grabbing the plastic water bottle, Rey scooted her sitting form away from Kylo in an effort to create some distance between herself and her abductor. There was a dark glint in Kylo’s eyes that she didn’t trust. Rey could tell the leash he kept himself on was on the verge of snapping, again. Although the idea of enduring another ‘punishment’ revolted the girl, she couldn’t help but use this opportunity to poke the injured wolf.

“Oh? Then I’ll try harder next time,” she promised, pressing her back against the white padded wall of her new cell.

Pushing out an exasperated sigh, Kylo sat himself down onto the rubber lined floor and gave the girl a shrug. He wasn’t going to argue with his spitfire of a guest this time, they had already wasted too much time being upset with each other.

“I’m sure you will, Sweetheart,” Kylo began, cautious about the way he moved his sore, swollen lower lip, “So...Rey...now that you’ve had some time to think, is there anything you’d care to say to me?”

Rey narrowed her hazel eyes and pulled her scraped knees to her barely covered chest, sucking in a sharp breath as the metal chains binding her ankles bit into her tanned skin. She could think of a million things to say to him, none of them being very kind. Kylo deserved every bit of the pain she caused, especially with the humiliation he had put her through over the last seventy-two hours.

“People are looking for me,” Rey said, not giving Kylo the apology he craved, “I know they are. If you let me go now, I promise you...I won’t tell anyone.”

Holding back a laugh, Kylo folded his long arms over his chest and quirked his head to the side. Did she really think he would be worried about people looking for her? He had gone to great lengths to make sure Rey wouldn’t be missed for quite some time.

“People are looking for you? Really, Rey? Who...Poe?” Kylo snickered.

Pulling her red rimmed eyes to meet Kylo’s, the girl pursed her dry lips together and swallowed hard. Hearing Kylo say Poe’s name made her stomach instantly churn. Rey knew he was capable of torture and murder, what if her captor had done something to him? God help her, she would rip him limb from limb if he had hurt Poe.

Sensing her unease and simmering anger, Kylo slid his hulking body closer to Rey, “Do you really think he will care that you’re gone? After all, he thinks you’re a cheating little *slut* ...that’s what he called you, right?”

Rey snarled at her abductor, her right hand squeezing the bottle of water so hard that the thin plastic threatened to crack. Her last fight with Poe had been wrought with confusion and panic the night before her abduction. He had ended their long term relationship abruptly with her, accusing her of lying and cheating. Her once adoring lover had switched on a dime, calling her a ‘whore’ and ‘slut’ among other vile things. Poe kept screaming that he had ‘proof’ of her infidelity and that he was done with her. At the time, Rey didn’t understand what he was talking about but now...now things were becoming clear.

“*You*,” Rey hissed, “what did you do?”

“Poe was no good for you, Rey...you deserve so much more,” Kylo offered matter-of-factly.

“*WHAT*... what did you *DO*,” Rey asked again through gritted teeth.

Kylo clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth and shook his head in warning, “calm down, Sweetheart...you don’t want me to get the crop out again.”

Resting the back of her head against the padded wall, Rey swallowed a scream and tried to settle her racing heartbeat. She could still feel the sting of the leather riding crop along her inner thighs from her last ‘punishment,’ it was something she never wanted to experience again.

Play his game. Play his fucking game, the girl reminded herself. Closing her eyes for a moment, Rey centered her thoughts and suppressed the rage bubbling in her heated blood.

“Please tell me?” Rey asked, slowly lifting her eyelids.

Happy with the girl’s change in behavior, Kylo leaned his broad torso forward and placed his large hands on his knees. He would tell Rey this story only once, she had better be listening.

“Good girl,” Kylo began, “well...I stopped by Poe’s work last Monday and caught him as he was leaving for lunch. He pretended like he knew me, even offered to buy me a coffee and catch up on ‘old times.’ Can you believe that? He’s such a bullshitting moron, Rey...you should be thanking me for freeing you of him, you really should...I mean, two years and no ring? He’s a fucking tool Rey, he never loved you.”

Rey watched Kylo in silent fury as he began to weave his tale, her mind racing as she tried to piece together the ramblings spilling from his injured mouth. Her abductor was becoming more and more

agitated with every word, which made Rey's skin prickle in anticipation. They were two powder kegs on the verge of exploding, all it would take is one little spark...

"So, anyway...while we were having coffee I told him that you and I had been *fucking* each other senseless for the past six months. He didn't believe me at first...I guess you should know that," Kylo continued, using his animated hands to help him tell the story, "he said that you weren't that type of girl, that you were loyal and loved him. I told him that was a lie, that you loved me and wanted to be with me. He threatened to kick my ass, which I would have loved to see him try...but I didn't want to cause a scene so I showed him the *proof*-- "

"Proof? *What* proof?" Rey interrupted, confusion passing over her face.

"The pictures, of course," Kylo answered nonchalantly, "the ones I took while you were sleeping. I suppose it worked out in my favor that you don't like to wear anything to bed, hmm? I still can't believe you didn't feel me crawl in beside you...but now that I've thought about it, I know why you didn't wake up. It's because you belong with me Rey...your body knows it to be true. We are destined. Why else would you curl up next to me and let me take those pictures? Hmm?"

A high pitched sound began to ring in Rey's ears and red spots blurred the edges of her vision. No longer could she hear Kylo's deep voice, just the tight shrill of rage. Somehow, Kylo had managed to break into her apartment without her knowledge, *climb into her bed*, and take pictures with her sleeping, naked body. Pictures that were shown to the love of her life under false pretenses. Pictures that had effectively sealed her fate.

Kylo was right, Poe wouldn't care that she was missing. *No one would* .

"YOU SON OF A BITCH!" Rey screamed, awkwardly throwing the bottle of water at Kylo's head and lunging her tethered body at her abductor.

Although her ankles and wrists were bound with metal chains anchored to a single point on the ceiling, Rey somehow managed to land squarely on her abductor; knocking his hard body down on the black rubber mat covering the soundproofed cell. Spitting hateful phrases, Rey clawed at any bit of flesh her jagged fingernails could find. Her only goal in that moment was to tear Kylo's handsome face to shreds. If she had to be in pain, then so did he.

Kylo let out a deep yelp as Rey's sharp nails raked across the pale flesh of his cheeks and neck. Letting his instincts take over, Kylo grabbed Rey's upper arms and flung her slim body from his towards the wall. Standing up quickly, he reached into the front pocket of his dark indigo jeans and removed a small key. Although the new wounds weren't deep, they stung just enough to piss him off. Once again, Rey had made the wrong choice.

"DAMMIT, REY!" Kylo spat, stomping his way towards the girl, " *WHEN WILL YOU LEARN??* "

Rey remained still on her side, her chest heaving as angry tears spilled from her eyes. She didn't care what happened to her anymore, if Kylo was going to kill her then so be it. At least this little game would be over.

"I hate you!! I HATE YOU!!" Rey yelled defiantly.

Kneeling beside the tempestuous girl, Kylo set to work freeing Rey's limbs from the restraints; pausing for a long moment after removing the last shackle to look over Rey's beet red face. His anger was at a critical breaking point, she was lucky he loved her so much. He would *never* have let the others talk to him like this. *Never* .

“You need to calm down,” Kylo growled before yanking the girl into his arms and ungracefully throwing her over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes.

Rey flailed her toned arms wildly, punching her closed fists against Kylo’s lower back as hard as she could over and over again. She wasn’t sure where her abductor was taking her this time but Rey wasn’t about to be the meek creature she had been the day before. Bucking over his broad shoulder, the girl tried her best to slam her knee into his chest but failed when she was stopped by a sharp slap stinging her backside.

“*STOP!*” Kylo bellowed, giving the girl’s pert ass another smack for good measure, “I’m not trying to hurt you, Rey!”

Thoroughly annoyed with the girl, Kylo cleared the space from Rey’s new cell to the bathroom at the opposite end of his bunker within a handful of seconds. He was not in the mood to deal with her attitude and for her sake, needed to calm the girl down as quickly as possible. Hissing out an order for the screaming hellcat to be still, Kylo entered the tiny bathroom and set her legs gruffly down onto the cement floor. Making sure her back was turned away from his trembling body, Kylo pointed to the small corner shower stall over her shoulder and leaned down to whisper hotly in her ear.

“*Get in now, Rey.*”

Rey shook her head and stood rigidly with her fists clenched against her sides. Like Hell she would willingly go in there.

“I will *not* ,” she said, her voice thick with defiance.

Wrapping his arm around the girl’s bare waist, Kylo lifted her off of the floor once again and held her tight against his body. Stepping over to the plastic stall, he turned the silver faucet and set the water temperature to cold. Squeezing Rey tighter as she attempted to wriggle her lithe form out of his grasp, Kylo pushed their fighting bodies into the small space of the shower stall; making sure that the frigid stream of water centered itself right on top of the girl’s head.

Rey shrieked as the ice cold water streamed onto her scalp and down her body, completely soaking through the thin white sports bra and cotton panties and causing her squirming body to still. Instantly, Rey’s limbs stopped fighting her abductor; her muscles instinctively choosing to conserve their energy for warmth instead of attack. *Smart man* , the girl thought to herself as the steady stream made her thin form shiver. *Smart man, indeed.*

Feeling Rey’s raging spark extinguish, Kylo released his right arm from her chest and reached towards the temperature dial. Turning the metal lever from cold to warm, he bent down and nuzzled his bruised lips near her temple and eased his left arm’s hold over her torso. He had seen Rey use the technique of shocking her body under cold water when she was upset and knew that it would reset her brain. Now, he only needed to keep his little hellion subdued.

“Shhhh...shhhh...you’re ok, Rey. You’re ok. Please don’t fight me, anymore...I don’t want to hurt you. Kylo pleaded, drifting his fingertips along the expanse of her exposed stomach, “please don’t make me hurt you, again .”

Rey closed her eyes and allowed her exhausted body to relax ever so slightly in Kylo’s strong arms. It was against the girl’s better judgement to let her guard down with her abductor but her body betrayed her; just as it had during their torrid kiss three days earlier. She should hate the man draping his large form over her, moving his calloused hands reverently over her wet skin. Rey should hate him for putting her through trial after emotional trial. Only she didn’t. Not fully, at least...and that thought alone was more terrifying to her than the possibility of never escaping.

Holding the girl close, Kylo swayed their bodies lightly under the warm water, paying no mind to the fact he was still fully clothed. For the first time in days, he could finally breathe again. The girl was back in his arms, exactly where she belonged. Rey was softening beneath him, indicating to him that she knew what he had been telling her all along to be true. Just a little coaxing and she would be *his*.

“I love you so much Rey...can’t you see?” Kylo asked, his full lips tickling the delicate skin of her neck while his impatient touch moved to the waistband of her panties, skimming his long fingers between the drenched fabric and her pebbled skin, “ *Please...let me show you how much I need you.* ”

Chapter End Notes

Welp. I mean. I don't think I would stop Kylo....how about you? What would you do if you were in Rey's position? Hmm? Let me know!! They might help me shape what's about to come in the next chapter!!

Thank you for reading, I hope everyone has a lovely weekend!!

Come find me on tumblr...I'm under CoraRiley. <3 <3 <3

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Hello My Dark Darlings!! That's what I'm calling each of you from now on, by the way....look!! Another update! WHEEE!

Before we begin, I want to thank my love, Terapid, for going over the first half of this chapter. He helped me work on a few issues and I can't thank him enough. He's also a Reylo writer here on ao3. If you haven't read any of his work, please do! He's crazy talented...and I'm not just saying that because I'm in love with him. He truly is!!

That being said, I had no help with the second half of the chapter...so if it sucks or has errors. All on me, per usual.

ALSO!! I have created a 'Praxis' playlist on Spotify! BIG thank you to Mrs-Arcadian for helping me find some really tasty songs!! They all have creepy lyrics and really helped me get into the mood for this story...if you're interested, you can access it by this address:

<https://open.spotify.com/user/corariley/playlist/0n7PJIOquDQIYPMbZuxpI2?si=f0cEPmFGQ6uK042ZXoeoIQ>

Let's hope that link works...if not, email me at CoraRileyWrites@gmail.com and I'll send it to you! Or contact me on tumblr CoraRiley

Let's go, shall we??

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Please, Rey?” Kylo asked again, his deep voice laced with desperation.

Rey stifled a frustrated moan, her flushed body begging to allow Kylo to dip his long fingers lower. A familiar, pleasurable ache spread across her taut belly; sending a sharp wave of anticipation straight to her cunt. It had been weeks since Rey had felt the bliss of release and her muscles were more than happy to accept her captor's willing hands. Her mind, however, was not so enthusiastic.

Stay in control, Rey, she reminded herself, *take the power back.*

Silently cursing herself, Rey quickly placed her hand over Kylo's; halting his excited touch just as the tip of his middle finger reached the cleft of her apex. It would be so easy just to give in, to allow him to make her forget about their twisted situation. Her mind was right, though, she needed to take control once again.

“Wait,” Rey said aloud, her voice echoing in the tiny shower stall.

Kylo growled, thoroughly annoyed that the girl had stopped him when he was on the verge of breaking through her wall. He knew Rey wanted to fuck just as badly as he did, her lewd mewling and swaying hips told him so. How dare she stop him from taking what was rightfully his. *How dare she.*

“Why?” Kylo bit, pressing his strained cock against her firm ass.

Rey closed her eyes and instinctively arched back, a small grin lifting the corners of her lips as she heard her abductor push out a ragged groan. It gave the girl a small bit of satisfaction to know that his body was just as worked up as hers. At least she wouldn't be the only one left unsatisfied. Turning her soaked form in his arms, Rey raised her eyelids and locked her hungry gaze with Kylo's.

“I...it's just that I want our first time to be *special*,” she offered, leaning her tingling body upon his clothed torso, “don't you want that too?”

Kylo slowly nodded his head as his brain fully registered her words. Rey was absolutely right, their first time together sexually needed to be beautiful and memorable. Not just a quick screw against the fiberglass wall of a dirty shower. The love of his life deserved much more than that. So much more.

“Yeah...yes...yes, of course I do,” Kylo agreed, moving his hands to cup the sides of Rey's beautiful face, “I'm sorry I got carried away, my love...I just want you *so* badly.”

Smiling up at his injured face, Rey lifted her hands to Kylo's blue jean covered thighs; her trembling right hand passing over the hardened bulge wanting so desperately to be freed. He was making things almost too easy for her, she mused. Kylo was the one caught in her web, now.

“I want you, too,” Rey said, her fingers pressing eagerly against his thick cock in a calculated move, “but...but I know it will be worth the wait. Don't you think?”

Spitting out a expletive, Kylo pulled his dark eyes from Rey's in an effort to stop himself from cumming in his soaked pants. It was taking all of his effort not to bend the girl over and fuck her right then and there. He couldn't remember the last time he wanted another woman so badly, it was almost too much to bear. Needing to immediately calm himself down, Kylo dropped his hands from Rey's wet face and reluctantly pushed her petite hand away from his protesting dick.

“Yes...you're right, Sweetheart...and it will be,” Kylo offered, wiggling his large body away from her, “I will...uh...I will go get you a towel and some dry clothes. I'll be right back...don't leave.”

Rey smiled innocently at her captor as he broke free of the dingy shower stall and stumbled from the claustrophobic bathroom. Waiting until he had fully exited the room, Rey opened her mouth to expel a silent scream. Her body was abuzz with a million conflicting emotions and she didn't know exactly how to process them all. She should run while her captor was occupied, only she didn't know where to. There was nowhere to go.

No, she needed to tough it out and earn Kylo's trust. That was the only way Rey would survive this Hell.

Turning back towards the shower head, Rey regulated her shaky breath and let herself enjoy the feeling of the warm water. She hadn't had a shower since being with Kylo and wasn't sure when her next opportunity to bathe would be. With a sigh, the girl began to strip the wet sports bra and panties from her body; plopping them ungracefully onto the stall floor without a second thought. Glancing around, Rey found a green bar of soap hanging from a rope attached to the temperature dial. Lifting the bar from the metal handle, she brought the oddly familiar soap to her nose and gave it a whiff. Instantly, the smell of fresh pine filled her senses and she was taken back to her own shower in her modest apartment. Weeks ago, she had found the same soap hanging from her shower head but had assumed that it was Poe's. A sudden shiver ran down her spine as she realized it wasn't Poe's but Kylo's.

Her captor was right, he indeed had been in her apartment many times. It made Rey's blood run ice

cold.

“Son of a bitch,” Rey spat under her breath, quickly putting the soap back on the temperature dial, “you’re fucked Rey...absolutely *fucked*.”

Hearing Kylo’s heavy footsteps returning, the girl turned her hazel eyes towards the door and plastered a forced smile on her freckled face. It was imperative that Kylo believed she was completely enamored by him. He couldn’t know how truly disgusted she was.

“I’m back, Sweetheart,” Kylo announced loudly, newly dry and wearing a pair of low slung black flannel pants; carrying a gray fluffy towel and red silk nighty his arms, “I’m sorry but you need to turn the water off, now. We have to conserve it, my lo--”

Stopping himself from completing his sentence, Kylo let his eyes zero in on Rey’s naked body. Raking his dark gaze from head to toe, he unabashedly took in his fill of her perfect form. It wasn’t the first time he had seen his love naked, but there was something about the way she was standing beneath the shower stream that made his mouth water and his cock spring back to life. God, how he wanted her.

Acknowledging his request, Rey pressed her hand against the metal lever and turned off the water, “oh...yes, of course. Do you think I could have another shower tomorrow? Please?”

Walking towards the girl, Kylo shrugged his broad shoulders and urged the girl out of the stall with a flick of his hand. Rey could shower every day. He would gladly let her run his water reserve dry. However, she needed to learn the important lesson that her actions had direct consequences before he agreed to any requests.

“That all depends on you, Sweetheart. Can you behave?”

Stepping from the shower, Rey took in a deep breath and reached for the towel draped over Kylo’s arm. Taking it in hand, the girl began the process of drying her cooling skin; slowly and methodically, while her hazel eyes bore a hole in her abductor’s handsome face.

“I’ll be a good girl,” Rey promised, her voice taking on a tone of thinly veiled innocence.

Kylo bit into the soft flesh of his cheek, mulling over a reply. Although he wanted to believe her, this wasn’t the first time he had heard that phrase slipping from the girl’s pouty lips. Simply offering a nod, he took the towel away from Rey and handed her the skimpy nighty in its place.

“It’s almost time for bed, Sweetheart. You’ll be sleeping with me, tonight,” Kylo said, his eyes taking on a lust filled glow, “let’s see how *good* you can be, hmm?”

Rey gasped, her mouth falling open in genuine surprise. Since her escape attempt, she had been forced to sleep on the hard floor of the padded room without the comfort of a pillow or blanket. For three long nights, she had tossed and turned, her body unable to relax on the cold rubber slab. Kylo had just dangled the most delicious carrot in front of her nose. If she had to sleep with a monster in order to enjoy the comfort of a real bed, then so be it. It was a small price to pay to keep her body in fighting condition.

“I promise,” Rey said softly before slipping the crimson silk negligee over her head.

Grinning wickedly at the girl, Kylo waited patiently as she finished dressing herself before taking her hand and pulling her flush against his warm body. He knew she would look stunning in the skimpy lingerie. None of the others could pull it off, they all looked wrong in the low cut nighty. It was just another sign for him that indeed, Rey was his perfect woman.

“This is your warning, Rey...don’t fight me tonight,” Kylo purred as he effortlessly picked her up off of the floor like a groom cradling his bride.

Swallowing hard, Rey wrapped her arms around Kylo’s neck and offered him a sweet smile in return. No, she wouldn’t fight him tonight. She would use this golden opportunity to regain her strength, boost her confidence, and play her captor like a fiddle.

“I won’t, Kylo,” Rey offered, snuggling like a kitten in his embrace.

Holding the girl tightly, Kylo moved from the bathroom and out into the dark hallway; his greedy eyes never straying from Rey’s freckled face. There was an excitement passing over her countenance that he couldn’t resist staring at. He knew she was just as eager to crawl into bed with him as he was with her. Finally, things were falling into place, just as he knew they would.

Stepping down to the second door on the left, Kylo crossed the open threshold of his room and quickly cleared the space to his queen sized bed tucked into the far corner. Gently setting the girl down in the center of the bed, he bent down and pressed a loving kiss to her forehead. She looked exactly how he imagined she would lying on his bed. For a moment he wondered if he should pinch himself to make sure this wasn’t all just a dream.

Rey hummed softly as her captor crawled onto the plush mattress beside her, his large body causing her to scoot closer to the beige colored wall. Trying not to look conspicuous, she glanced around the space and tried to gain her bearings; all the while looking back at Kylo with faux adoration in her eyes. On her second pass over the room, she noticed a flat screen tv flanking the wall that displayed surveillance images from what she gathered were all of the rooms within the complex. Three of which she recognized, four she had never seen before. *Just where the Hell am I?* Rey wondered to herself before her eyeline was pulled directly beneath the tv.

Catching her attention were six golden hooks nailed into the uneven plastered wall, a woman’s necklace hanging from each. Above every hook clung a yellow post-it note with a different name scribbled in black ink. Immediately sensing something sinister to the display, Rey allowed herself a scant moment to focus on each sloppily written name and necklace.

Annie, a white gold chain with a diamond heart pendant.

Katlyn, a delicate rose gold necklace with an ornamental letter “K.”

Jenny, a double tiered chain with a black onyx circle hanging from each.

Ashleigh, a long golden necklace with a shiny, rhinestone studded star.

Sara, a silver chain with the word “love” engraved on a rectangle of tarnished metal.

Tori, a simple necklace with a solid silver cross.

Six names. Six necklaces. Six trophies from women that Rey could almost guarantee hadn’t made it out of Kylo’s obsessive grasp alive.

“*Fuck,*” she heard herself whisper.

Hearing his love mutter something under her breath, Kylo moved his gaze from Rey’s perky breasts to the point along the far wall that held her attention. Razor sharp panic licked up the length of his spine as he realized that the girl had noticed his small shrine. Lifting his right hand, he tenderly cupped the girl’s now colorless face. Rey needed to know how insignificant they were, that they were nothing more than poor imitations unable to sate his wicked appetite. *He had to make her*

believe.

“They didn’t mean anything to me, Rey,” Kylo urged, “Please don’t be jealous...I swear to you. They meant *nothing*.”

Rey blinked, not knowing if she had fully heard him correctly or not. Jealous? Kylo actually thought she could be jealous of these poor women? He had no doubt murdered them, jealousy was the last emotion she was feeling at that moment. Trying to settle her turning stomach, Rey closed her eyes and let her mind once again step in to smooth over the situation. Although the situation was twisted, this was something she could use to pull Kylo deeper into her own little web. A web that would eventually set her free.

“You sure you aren’t lying to me, Kylo?” Rey asked, her voice taking on an icy, accusatory tone, “because it looks like they meant an awful lot to you.”

Stammering, Kylo held the girl’s face in both hands and made her look straight into his dark eyes. He couldn’t possibly lose her now, not when their happiness was within an arm’s reach. Rey was the only one that held his heart. He could never love another.

“I’m *not* lying to you, Rey. You are the *only* woman for me. Can’t you see that I love you with all of my heart?” Kylo said, his voice strained with anxiety.

Rey lifted her chin from her captors grasp and narrowed her almond shaped eyes. She almost couldn’t believe what she was about to do but she would be damned if she allowed herself to be victim number seven. Slinking onto her abductor’s lap, she leaned her body seductively against Kylo and let a gentle moan escape her pouty lips. This was it, after tonight she would hold all of the cards.

“Then make love to me,” she breathed, pressing her lower half wantonly over his hips, “and prove me wrong.”

Chapter End Notes

Rey's a smart cookie. I think Kylo has met his match...don't you?

How do yall feel about this update? Let me know in the box below!! Hope to hear from you soon! <3 <3 <3

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Hello My Dark Darlings!!

Are you ready for one hell of a smutty update?! Just want to warn you, now...this is nothing but smut. Smut and mental shit. That's what we do here in this crazy fic...right??

Anyways...I hope you enjoy this!! Ready?! Let's go!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Arching a dark brow, Kylo placed his hands on Rey's slim waist and stilled her moving hips. Only a handful of minutes before she had stopped him from taking her in the shower. Now, she was begging him to make love to her. It instantly rubbed him the wrong way. He didn't appreciate the sudden mixed signals the girl was giving him.

"You said you wanted to wait," Kylo said, his deep voice taking on a dark tone.

Goosebumps pebbled Rey's forearms as she realized her plan was just a hair's breadth away from falling apart. She had moved too quickly with her emotions, believing that he was like every other man she had ever met. Scrambling to think of a way to salvage the interaction, she moved her hands to Kylo's angular cheeks and leaned in closer; trying her best to seduce her captor.

"I know...I did...but knowing that you've been with *them* makes me so angry, Kylo. I need you to show me that I'm the only one you care about. I need you to *prove to me* that you truly love me," Rey offered, trying her best to sound desperate for his affection.

Kylo took in a breath and studied the different emotions passing over the girl's beautiful face. He hadn't planned on bringing Rey back to his room and therefore, hadn't tucked the necklaces away with the other momentos. Ultimately, it was his fault that the love of his life was feeling insecure. He needed to rectify the situation and give her what she needed to feel better.

"Of course I'll prove it to you, Sweetheart," Kylo said confidently, "now lie down, with your arms above your head, and don't move. After I'm through, there will be no doubt left in your mind that I am yours."

Forcing a flirty grin, Rey dropped her hands from Kylo's face and slowly moved off of his lap. Keeping her hazel eyes locked on his simmering gaze, she settled herself beside her abductor; raising her toned arms over her head and grasping tightly onto the cold metal bars of the headboard. An uneasy feeling had taken root in the pit of Rey's stomach as her mind screamed at her to reach into Kylo's pants and rip his balls off. Watching him crawl his chiseled body over hers, however, caused that obnoxious scream to turn into a whisper. It wasn't long before her dread morphed into lustful desire.

You're playing with fire, Rey thought to herself as she felt Kylo's full lips nuzzle the tanned skin of her throat.

Teasing heated kisses over the girl's pulsepoint, Kylo ghosted the fingers of his left hand down the

length of her torso; his fingertips barely touching the silk nighty until reaching the unfinished hem resting on her upper thigh. Slowly inching the crimson fabric upwards to expose her bare pussy, he trailed his lips lower to Rey's clavicle.

Without warning, Kylo nipped his sharp teeth against her delicate flesh and bone, taking pride in the sudden pained yelp leaving his love's opened mouth. He knew that this was what she so desperately craved. Rey's minuteman Poe could never deliver on her dark fantasies. Kylo intended on making them all come true. She would soon learn that no other man could satisfy her the way he could.

Rey's eyes widened in a mixture of shock and pain as she felt her captor bite into her freckled skin, so hard that she was almost certain he had drawn blood. Squeezing her grip over the metal bars of the headboard, she fought her muscles to stay still while Kylo soothed her wound with a loving kiss. Rey hadn't realized the full gravity of the situation until that very moment. How did she honestly think this would go? That he would make love to her the way Poe had their first time? No, the man hovering above her wasn't rose petals and wine; he was handcuffs and razor blades. Kylo wasn't going to make love to her, Rey realized, he was going to *fuck* her.

Something she had always wanted a man to do.

Pleased with the way Rey was showing self restraint, Kylo drifted his hungry lips lower to her left tit. Blowing hot air over her fabric draped breast, he smirked in triumph as he watched her nipple pebble to attention under the expanse of silk. Keeping his dark eyes fixed to the girl's, he covered her hardened bud with his mouth; sucking it between his teeth and using the tip of his wet tongue to tease and coax a verbal response from the girl.

"AHHH!" Rey cried, arching her torso from the bed, *"Oh my God!"*

Instantly releasing her tit from his mouth, Kylo lifted his face from her chest and narrowed his gaze. Something about her uttered phrase ignited a evil spark inside his soul. Unable to stop himself from going too fast with her too quickly, he reached for the deep neckline of the nighty and roughly pulled it down to expose both of her firm breasts. Rey was behaving exactly how he knew she would. Everything about this moment was *perfect*.

"God isn't doing this to you, Rey," his deep voice boomed, *"I am."*

Not allowing Rey a second to respond, Kylo eagerly latched his mouth to her freed tit while his left hand gripped ahold of her right breast. Working his fingers and teeth in tandem, he pinched and bit down on her rosebud nipples. Again and again until he felt his love buck under him and spread her legs wide. Soon, the feminine scent of Rey's arousal filled his nose, sending his debauched thoughts into overdrive. Dropping her tit from his mouth yet again, Kylo moved his large legs to the space between the girl's thighs and bared his crooked teeth.

"You're wet for me, already... *fuck* ...I can *smell* you," he hissed, clamping her left nipple between the nails of his index finger and thumb.

Rey winced as the sharp prick of pain flowed from her nipple over her entire breast. There was no denying that what her abductor said was true, his rough touch was causing her body to hum with a burning want the girl hadn't felt in ages. She often had fantasies of a strong man dominating her in bed but never thought it would actually happen. It was twisted and grotesque, but Rey found herself needing more.

"Please...please," she panted.

Placing a quick kiss between her tits, Kylo released his hold and shimmied his hulking body lower.

Hearing the girl beg for more was music to his ears and he wanted to test his love to see how far she would allow him to go. Situating his angular face between her opened thighs, Kylo moved his gaze to the girl's reddened apex. It was clear from the liquid arousal seeping from her bare cunt lips that he was right. Rey was ready for him to finally claim her.

"Mmm....my love...you look good enough to eat," he said with a lick of his lips, "should I give you a taste?"

Rey watched wide-eyed as Kylo slowly descended his mouth towards the inside of her ticklish thigh. Unable to verbalize a response, the girl simply looked at her captor and nodded her head while his full lips brushed a sprinkling of delicate kisses over her skin. She needed her captor to taste her. There was nothing in the world that the girl wanted more than to feel Kylo's mouth on her cunt.

Needing to hear Rey's voice, Kylo lifted a thick brow and cleared his throat. "Tell me you want this...that you need me to eat your pussy," he encouraged, nibbling her smooth flesh, "Say it, Rey..."

"I...I need you to eat me," Rey said eagerly, not needing to think twice.

"Mmmm...yes you do, Sweetheart," Kylo agreed before swirling his tongue from her inner thigh towards her perfect cunt, "*yes you do...*"

Pressing the back of her head down upon the mattress, Rey whimpered a curse as she felt the heat of Kylo's tongue delve into her throbbing pussy. Closing her eyelids, she pulled her trembling knees towards her chest; wantonly giving her abductor complete access to her entire body. Oral sex was something that Poe was never too interested in giving and when he did attempt to pleasure Rey orally, he fumbled around like an inexperienced teenager. It was immediately apparent that there was a vast difference between the two men. She instinctively knew that Kylo was well versed in how to worship a woman.

Placing his large hands on Rey's malibleable thighs, Kylo held the girl tightly in place and wiggled the flat of his tongue up her swollen folds to just below her engorged clit. Purposefully neglecting the bundle of nerves, he instead concentrated on the outer lips of her cunt; kissing and sucking on her tender flesh in an effort to drive Rey wild. Slurping up her arousal, he grunted an approval as his tongue savored her unique taste. Now that he had finally tasted her, he would always crave her. This one escapade wouldn't be enough. It would never be enough.

Rey moaned loudly into the small room, not caring how desperate she sounded. She was on the verge of losing her mind, the sensation of Kylo's plush lips and expert tongue on her sensitive cunt was almost too much to handle. Her clit was buzzing in excitement and needed to be touched. Unable to stop herself, Rey released her hold on the headboard and reached between her legs to Kylo's head.

"My clit...please," she begged, urging him by grazing her nails across his scalp, "*please, Kylo.*"

Smiling against her pussy, Kylo obliged his love and found the girl's little pink pearl at the top of her wet slit. Teasing it with the tip of his tongue, he danced around her clit in a random pattern of clockwise and counterclockwise circles. He could read Rey's body perfectly and knew by the gentle roll of her hips and sharp breaths escaping her lips that her release was rapidly building. Clearly, it had been too long since his love had had a decent orgasm if this was all it took for her to fall apart. Not wanting her to lose control too quickly, he halted his needy tongue and looked up at the mewling girl.

"Should I let you cum, Sweetheart?" Kylo asked, moving his right hand from her thigh to her center.

Opening her eyes, Rey looked down at her captor and vigorously nodded her head. She had been so close to falling from the cliff and for him to just stop was absolute torture.

“Yes, yes!” Rey squealed, “please....let me...cum!”

Shaking his head, Kylo narrowed his brown eyes and clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth.

“No,” Kylo hissed, “not until you admit that your body is *mine*, Rey. Say that you belong to me and I’ll make you cum harder than you ever have before.”

Rey trembled, her swimming mind trying to make sense of what her abductor was saying. Maybe what Kylo said was true, perhaps she did belong to him. Why else would she be reacting to his touch so eagerly?

“I...I belong...to...you...Kylo,” Rey whimpered lewdly.

“Hmm,” Kylo mused, dipping both his index and middle finger into her silken pussy, “now there’s my good girl... *mmm* ...alright. Cum for *me*, Rey.”

Curling his fingers upwards, Kylo sunk his long digits inside the girl’s tight sheath and felt for her hidden crevice at the top of her cunt. Finding the spongy surface, he tickled his fingertips against it at the same time his mouth found her clit once again. Pulling the sensitive bundle between his teeth, he flicked the tip of his tongue over it again and again in a haphazard “x” pattern. Knowing she was on the verge, Kylo thrust his fingers in and out of her wanting pussy and barked out an order for her to cum against her apex. He couldn’t wait for his cock to be inside her and needed the girl to find her release so he could find his own.

Twisting her fingers into Kylo’s dark locks, Rey blinked up at the popcorned ceiling and allowed her mind to go completely blank. Working on animal instinct alone, her overstimulated body seized and immediately fell apart as a heady wave of pleasure ripped from her core and shook through her tensed muscles; causing her spasming cunt to spray her arousal in moment of debased wickedness.

Kylo growled deeply as he felt Rey’s pussy gush hot liquid onto his rough hand and forearm. In that split moment, a deep sense of dark pride took ahold of his heart. Her body’s reaction was more than he could’ve hoped for. No other man could have made her cum like that. Only he had the power to make her fall apart at the seams.

“Mmmm...that’s my girl,” Kylo praised as he slowly removed his face and hand from her quivering, soaked cunt.

Unable to hear anything but her own deafening heartbeat, Rey looked at Kylo in complete awe while he crawled over her shaking form like a God. She should be embarrassed at what had just happened, only she wasn’t. The man that was currently holding her against her will had just given her the strongest orgasm of her life. So powerful that she had let body completely go. So powerful that she was almost willing to forgive him for everything he had put her through.

What the fuck is wrong with you, Rey? She asked herself.

Kylo smiled wickedly at the girl before leaning down and placing a kiss upon her flushed cheek. Knowing that Rey needed a moment to catch her breath, he stripped his black pajama pants from his lower half and tossed them on the floor beside the bed. Kneeling unabashedly naked next to his love, a surge of triumph puffed his chest as he watched desire once again wave over her features. He had her right where he wanted.

“Oh, don’t worry, Sweetheart,” he cooed, running his calloused hand up and down the length of his freed cock, “we’re not done, yet.”

Swallowing hard, Rey unapologetically watched her captor paw at his hardened dick. Suddenly, every immoral fantasy ever had played through her buzzing mind. Physically, Kylo fit the mold of what she had always craved in a man and although it was against her better judgement, she wanted to know how his cock would feel inside of her.

“Mmmm...you want this, don’t you Rey?” Kylo asked.

Suddenly embarrassed, Rey looked away from her captor’s dick. *Fuck*. Had he implanted a thought reader into her brain, too? At this point, nothing would surprise her.

“No, don’t be ashamed my love. Here,” Kylo offered, lifting her hand from her thigh and bringing it to his aching cock, “feel me...feel what you do to me.”

Rey drifted her hazel eyes to her abductor’s consuming gaze and touched his rigid cock with her fingertips. It was perfect, she mused, a rod of steel encased in plush velvet. Everything a dick should be. Wrapping her petite hand around his length, she slowly squeezed her grip up and down; giving Kylo a cat like grin as she heard him groan under her touch.

“*Fuck, Rey...* keep doing that, and I’ll cum right now all over your face,” Kylo offered, his voice strained.

“Is that what you want to do, Kylo?” Rey asked, quickening the movement of her hand.

Shaking his head “no,” Kylo bent down to the girl’s ear and let out a low growl. Playtime was over, he needed to be inside her. *Now*.

“No, Sweetheart...I’m going to cum in that little pretty pussy of yours. Now get on all fours for me,” he ordered.

With a nervous lick of her lips, Rey released her hold on her captor’s dick and maneuvered herself into position in the center of the bed. Her legs were still wobbly from her mind blowing orgasm and she wasn’t sure if she could withstand being fucked in this position for long. Glancing over her shoulder, she watched in eager anticipation as Kylo moved behind her. It would be so easy to attack him right now, when he was vulnerable and not expecting her to rebel; but if it were so easy, then why couldn’t she bring herself to act upon it?

It’s ok, she reasoned with herself, *it’s ok for you to want this...and it’s ok for you to want him*.

Centering himself between Rey’s calves, Kylo brushed his left hand over her firm ass and pushed the red nighty to her waist; leaving her backside and glistening pussy completely unobstructed from his view. He had waited almost an entire year to finally know his love in the most carnal way imaginable. Now that the moment was here, he knew he needed to savor every pleasurable second.

“Are you ready for me, Sweetheart?” Kylo asked, wrapping his fingers around the base of his throbbing cock.

Turning her face towards the headboard, Rey swore under her breath and wiggled her narrow hips trying to goad Kylo on. She would deal with her conflicting thoughts later, when her body was satisfied and too exhausted to sway her mind.

“Yes,” Rey moaned, “please...I want you inside of me.”

Kylo bit into the flesh of his cheek to stop himself from immediately ravaging the girl. Her lewd plea was everything he could've wished for. Slowly dragging the head of his aching dick down her slit, he gave her overworked clit a sharp slap with his flesh and smiled to himself when Rey spit out a needy hiss.

"Don't worry, my love," he said while lining the tip of his cock against her sopping entrance, "I'll touch that perfect little clit of yours and make you cum again...once I've had my fill."

Slowly inching his thick girth inside, Kylo growled as he felt the girl's inner walls squeeze over his length. She was much tighter than he had expected and the sensation of her pussy stretching around him made his head spin. If he didn't know better, he would've sworn she was a virgin.

"Holy *fuck*, Rey...you are so... *damn tight*," Kylo grunted while taking her hips in his hands and burying himself fully to the hilt.

Rey winced as Kylo gently rocked himself against her bare ass. Her cunt had never felt so full before and his cock was pushing her body to a limit she didn't know could be reached. Once again, she was dancing the fine line between pleasure and pain. It was a sensation she wanted more of. With a loud moan Rey pushed back, trying to encourage her captor to get to the act at hand.

"Mmm...", Kylo groaned while pinching his fingers into her sharp hips, "greedy girl."

Wanting to give Rey what she so wantonly desired, Kylo thrust his throbbing cock inside her softening cunt using a series of short, calculated thrusts. There was no better feeling than being inside the girl, he realized. He had only just begun and already couldn't wait until the next time he could fuck her again.

Twisting his hips, Kylo glanced down and watched his cock slide in and out of Rey's drenched center. He didn't know it was possible for a woman to be so wet. She was perfect, he thought to himself while ramming into her again and again, *so perfect*.

Rey squealed as Kylo's thrusts became deeper and faster. Soon, the salacious sound of their coupling filled the entire room. It was unlike anything the girl had heard before. It was raw and animalistic and turned her on to no end. Between the noises filling her ears and the feeling of Kylo's cock threatening to split her in two, Rey suddenly needed to cum again.

"Please...please," Rey begged, clawing her fingers into the comforter covering the mattress.

Not wanting the girl to lose herself this quickly, Kylo halted his movements and gave her a firm slap on her ass. Once, twice, and then a third for good measure.

"Not...yet," Kylo spat, gripping Rey's waist and hips so tightly he knew she would wake up with marks, "not...until...I'm...ready."

Rey squealed as her mind registered the painful sting growing across her backside. Pulling her lower lip between her teeth, she closed her watery eyes and attempted to quell the fire building in her belly as her captor began again. Kylo was becoming rougher with her with every manic thrust and she needed to focus on quieting her body, lest incurring another slap.

With a deep snarl, Kylo moved his rough hands up Rey's spine to her slim shoulders. Wrapping his long fingers over her skin, he used his newfound leverage to push deeper and faster into the girl's warm cunt; repeating the forceful action over and over again in time with the erotic moans spilling from Rey's mouth. Leaning his muscular torso over Rey's shaky form, Kylo pressed his lips against the shell of her.

“Who...do you...belong to, Rey?” Kylo asked, thrusting his hips up with every thrust in and down with every thrust out.

Rey lifted her lids and looked out of the corner of her eye at her captor. He looked wild and insane, like a wolf about to devour his prey. It made her tremble with anticipation.

“You,” Rey cried without hesitation, “I belong...to... *you* , Kylo!”

Having the confirmation he needed, Kylo kissed Rey’s sweaty cheek and pulled his right hand from her shoulder to her waist. Wrapping his arm round her lower half, his calloused fingers easily found her well-used apex between her opened thighs. Using the tip of his middle finger, Kylo teased the swollen bud peeking from between her tender pussy lips. He was feeling generous with his love for behaving so well and thought she deserved to cum before he did as a treat.

“Hurry, Sweetheart,” he encouraged, feeling the familiar tickle of his orgasm growing with every slap of his balls, “I...won’t last long.”

Rey nodded her head and zeroed in on the way Kylo was expertly working her over sensitive clit. Within seconds, she was running head first towards her second release. She couldn’t believe how her abductor knew exactly how to make her body sing so quickly. Pushing back against his eager thrusts, Rey grit her teeth and whimpered as she reached the edge of her orgasm.

“I...I’m..I’m...,” she whined, unable to vocalize a coherent thought.

Moving his mouth from the side of her face, Kylo hovered his full lips over the girl’s tanned throat. Knowing she was beginning to fall apart, he roughly sunk his teeth into the salty flesh of her neck at the same moment he felt her shatter over his length; wanting to give Rey a physical reminder of the exact moment she fully belonged to him.

Sudden red splotches filled Rey’s blurry vision as her body succumbed to her second world shattering orgasm. Paying no mind to her captor biting her neck, she instead lifted her arms up towards the headboard and held on for dear life as wave after wave of ecstasy radiated from her used cunt. Her entire body was quaking from the top of her head, to the tips of her toes. If it weren’t for the unmoving metal in her hands, Rey was sure she would have collapsed like house of cards.

Feeling Rey’s snug cunt flutter over his aching length, Kylo spit an expletive into the air and gave himself permission to find his own bliss. Holding the shaking girl in his arms, he thrust into her fragile pussy again and again in rapid succession. Taking in a ragged breath, he immediately froze in place as his orgasm took over; his pulsating cock releasing a series of spurts of hot, milky white cum deep into Rey’s center.

“*FUCK...FUCK*,” he screamed, his body twitching as the remnants of his sharp release verborated through his flexing muscles.

Holding the girl flush against his heaving chest, Kylo pulled her arms from the headboard and fell with her onto the mattress. Curling around his love in a fetal position, he cooed loving phrases against the nape of her neck while his hands ran across her skin reverently. She was his now, just as he was hers. Nothing would tear them apart.

Nothing.

Rey stared at the far wall of the room, her eyes drifting towards the row of dangling metal necklaces. Little by little, the angry scream she had suppressed in her brain grew louder and louder; forcing her to take stock in what had just happened. At least it seemed that Kylo was pleased with her, she

mused. She hoped that it would bide her time.

“Are you ok, Sweetheart?” Kylo asked, his voice taking on a tender tone.

“Hmm?” Rey asked, shaking her overwhelming thoughts from her head, “oh...yes. More than ok, thanks to you. I’m just exhausted...that’s all.”

Kylo smiled against her scalp and nuzzled his face against her damp hair. Squeezing his strong arms tighter around her, he closed his brown eyes and realized he was just as spent. He needed his strength for the busy day that lay ahead, it was best if they both got some sleep.

“Mmm...me too. You wore me out, my love,” he said with a contented sigh, “let’s get some sleep, hmm?”

Rey pursed her lips together and nodded her dizzy head, praying that sleep would consume her sooner rather than later. She didn’t want to feel the guilt pricking at the base of her skull. Not yet, at least. Not while she was still enjoying the afterglow of what had just transpired. Giving the necklaces one last glance, she turned herself in Kylo’s arms and cuddled against his warm body. .

“Yes, let’s,” she agreed, making herself pretend for the night that they were simply two souls madly in love.

Chapter End Notes

Ok...so...Rey's all over the place. Lines are starting to blur...dynamics are changing.
Let's see what happens, hmm?

I hope you liked it...please let me know in the box below!! You all have been SO amazing with your comments...please don't stop!! They help me tremendously...I hope to hear from you, soon!! <3 <3 <3

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Hello My Dark Darlings!!

Oh, yay! An update!! I really hope you enjoy the little mental trip down the rabbit hole...

Let's begin, shall we?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Rey awoke with a start, her thin form jerking violently against the restrictive comforter tucked in around her. Letting out a sharp yelp, she opened her eyes and quickly freed her arms from the plush fabric. Bit by bit, her hellish nightmare faded away from her mind. No longer drowning in the murky depths of a salty sea, Rey instead found herself lying in a cozy bed; surrounded by pillows and blankets she hadn't remembered being there the night before.

Trying her best to calm her erratic heartbeat, Rey searched the mattress with her outstretched arms. Unable to find Kylo's sleeping body, the girl sat straight up and glanced around the darkened room. How had she slept so soundly that she hadn't heard him leave?

"Kylo?" Rey asked aloud, her voice heavy with sleep, "where are you?"

Rey paused a moment, fully expecting her abductor to come running into the room as he had every morning since her arrival. Receiving only the eerie sound of silence, she flung the heavy blankets from her legs and climbed out of the warm bed to find him. Normally, Rey would relish the thought of being completely alone. After what had just transpired, however, she found that it was the last thing she wanted to be.

Smoothing her hands over her wrinkled nighty, Rey cautiously padded her bare feet towards the metal door of the room. Reaching the threshold, she flipped on the light switch and immediately winced as the fluorescent overhead light flickered to life. After giving her tired eyes a moment to adjust, Rey turned and gave stock of the sparse room. Immediately, her gaze honed in on the row of now empty hooks. Goosebumps prickled the skin of her chest and arms as she realized that Kylo had removed the jewelry and post-it's for her benefit, and her benefit alone. It seemed as if her little plan had worked. Rey was certain she now had her abductor hook, line, and sinker.

"Hmm...I wonder what else you'll do for me?" Rey whispered, folding her arms over her chest.

Letting out a long sigh, Rey pulled her attention away from the golden hooks and silently debated on what she should do. Knowing that the door was most likely locked, she shrugged her sore shoulders and resigned herself to crawl back into bed. Slowly stepping towards the mattress, Rey noticed a random sheet of notebook paper lying on the nightstand situated next to the empty bed; alongside a plastic bottle of water and a singular round, white pill. Quickly clearing the space, Rey snatched the note from the nightstand and scanned over the hastily scribbled words written in the same handwriting that had graced the post-it's.

Sweetheart-

I had a quick job to take care of but I will be home soon. Both the bedroom and bathroom doors are unlocked. Take a long shower, there is plenty of water. I'll bring back breakfast. I miss you, already.

Love-

K

PS-Take the pill

After reading the note twice, Rey tossed the paper on the bed and scoffed with a snort at her abductor's demand.

Take the pill, sure.

Reaching down, she picked up the tiny tablet with the tips of her index finger and thumb. Holding the pill up to the light, she tried to find any identifiable numbers or markings. Although there wasn't a brand name present, Rey did see the letters, "I.N.O.R." etched into the pill. There was something oddly familiar about it, but she couldn't quite place where she had seen it before. It didn't look like aspirin or ibuprofen, and it definitely wasn't her old faithful ambian. Just what the fuck was it?

Knowing that she was most likely being recorded that very moment, Rey picked up the bottle of water and opened the lid. There was no way in Hell she was taking the damn tablet.

Kylo could kiss her ass .

Turning back around towards the door, Rey pretended to put the pill into her mouth and chased it with a large gulp of water as she walked to the exit; hoping that her movements would blur the fact that the circular tablet was now pinched between her index and middle finger.

Clutching the water bottle in the hand that held her secret, Rey tugged on the unlocked handle and pushed the creaky metal door open. Looking down the hallway to make sure that she was indeed alone, the girl took in a breath and made her way to the opened door of the bathroom. It had been days since soap had touched her skin and Rey was beyond ecstatic to have the opportunity to be clean again, if only physically.

Keeping her weary gaze towards the floor, Rey stepped to the white porcelain vanity near the tiny shower stall. Arching a sculpted brow, she was surprised to see a grey fluffy towel and a change of clothes folded neatly on the side of the sink waiting for her. She still didn't understand how she hadn't heard Kylo moving about getting everything ready for her. It instantly made her feel uneasy. Had she really slept so hard that she didn't hear a single peep during the night?

Shaking the thought from her mind, Rey carefully placed the water bottle on the vanity and let her hands fall to the torn hem of her silk negligee. Lifting the stained garment up and over her head, she closed her eyes and held her breath. Finally, the moment had arrived for her to take a good look in the mirror and hold herself accountable for her actions.

Counting to three in her head, Rey dropped the fabric on the cold floor and opened her hazel eyes. Gasping audibly, she shook her head in disbelief as her brain processed the woman staring back at her through the looking glass. She didn't recognize the broken shell standing before her. It made her suddenly sick to her stomach.

Chewed up and spit out, Rey thought to herself before surveying the damage done.

Her dirty, tangled hair fell around her sullen face in total disarray. Dark purple circles stained the sallow skin underneath her bloodshot eyes and her cheeks were sunken in and hollow; a clear

indication that she had lost weight during her time spent in captivity. A large, black and blue love bite marred the delicate skin of her throat. Just a few inches lower, another bite mark clung to her sharp collarbone, the skin surrounding it torn and bloodied.

“What the fuck happened to me?” Rey asked in shock.

Really? What happened? You were FUCKED, Rey. Fucked by an insane serial killer. Duh. Her mind answered.

Unable to turn away from her garish image, she allowed her eye line to drift lower to her chest. Vibrant red and purple hickeys colored the skin of her pert breasts, so large that Rey was certain that Kylo had tried his best to fit her entire tit into his mouth. Looking lower still, Rey’s hazel eyes widened in horror as she noticed large claw marks grazing the freckled skin covering her narrow hips. She knew Kylo had fucked her hard, but she didn’t realize he had been *that* rough.

“Oh my God,” Rey breathed in twisted wonder, “and you loved it, Rey. You *loved* every bloody moment of it.”

Unable to see past her hips in the looking glass, the girl glanced down to the sore apex between her tender thighs. Her skin was a fiery shade of red and visibly swollen, like a badge of honor screaming to the world that she had just experienced the most debased sex of her entire life. She should feel like a trollop for letting her abductor use her body in such a way, but she didn’t. Total remorse over her lewd actions didn’t even enter her train of thought until she turned away from the mirror and *felt* Kylo’s cum seeping from her torn cunt.

“Why did you let him cum inside you? You stupid... *stupid*, cow!” Rey growled viciously at herself.

Wait, her mind spat back, wait...wait...wait. Now calm down. You have never, ever used protection with Poe and you’ve never fallen pregnant, have you? It’s ok, Rey...not to worry. You know Kylo can’t get you pregnant.

Nodding in agreement, Rey repeated the comforting words again and again in her head in an effort to calm her frazzled nerves. Her periods had always been irregular and she and Poe had been having unprotected sex for the better part of two years. Odds were if she could get pregnant, she would have by now.

Right? Right.

Needing to distract herself from her racing thoughts, Rey pushed out a frustrated groan and walked over to the dingy shower stall. Throwing back the clear plastic curtain, she reached down and pushed the temperature dial to almost scalding. Turning the water on, she dropped the white pill hidden between her fingers on the drain in the center of the stall. Waiting patiently until the tablet had fully disintegrated, Rey stepped into the steamy shower and turned her face towards the hot stream; allowing all of the physical evidence of her lustful sins to wash away down the metal drain.

If only it were that easy to clean your memory, Rey thought to herself before picking up the green bar of soap and scrubbing her dirty skin raw.

“Kylo?” Rey called out, running the towel through her wet hair, “are you home?”

Making her way down the hallway, the girl paused halfway to Kylo’s room and waited for a reply. She had lost all track of time in the shower, cleaning her body and washing her hair again and again

until the water ran cold. Secretly, she hoped that her abductor had returned without her knowledge and was disappointed when she didn't hear his deep voice verborate from the bedroom. What if something had happened to him while he was gone? No one knew she was trapped and she had no way of getting out. What if he got into a car accident, or was mugged, or was lying dead in a ditch somewhere? She would die in this prison. *She would die **alone** in this Hell.*

"Stop it, Rey!" she scolded herself, "just stop it!"

Pursing her lips into a thin line, the girl pushed the manic thoughts from her mind and walked down the rest of the hallway. Crossing the threshold of her captor's room, Rey tossed her gray towel on the bed and began to hum a tune to a song that Poe often sang to her early in the morning, when the day was young and nothing mattered but their bodies pressed languidly together. Oh, how she missed her pilot.

Don't worry. You'll see him again...and you'll live happily ever after.

"Yeah, right," Rey argued aloud, pacing around the room, "like he's going forgive you for *fucking* another man? Don't be so delusional, Rey. Poe will never want you again...nope. Never. You're tainted goods, now....but Kylo...Kylo does want you. Sure he's murdered a handful of women...but you're the one he has always wanted. So maybe you should just be a good girl, and be quiet...do what he says...and let him love you. Yeah?"

Halting her steps, Rey struggled internally with the conflicting thoughts raging through her mind. She hated Kylo, only she didn't. She loved Poe, only not enough. She wanted to escape, but was afraid of what her world would look like once she did. She wanted Kylo. She wanted Poe. She needed Poe. She needed Kylo. Poe. Poe. Poe. Kylo. Kylo. Kylo. Freedom. Freedom. *Freedom...*

"Stop, stop, STOP!" Rey screamed, cupping her hands over her ears and tightly shutting her eyes.

Swallowing a sob, Rey stood ramrod straight and gave herself a long moment to calm down. She was under an extreme amount of stress and letting her emotions get the better of her. If she could just tame her thoughts and collect her wits, she still stood a fighting chance of making it out of Kylo's thumb alive. She just needed to breathe, and sleep, and eat.

Oh. Food.

Rey hadn't realized just how famished she was until the thought ran across her mind. Almost on cue, her stomach growled, letting her know that she desperately needed something in her belly. Kylo did say he was bringing home breakfast, but she didn't know how long he intended to remain gone. It could be hours, or even days until he returned. She couldn't wait that long. Her body needed food *now*.

Rey hurried to the wooden dresser situated on the opposite side of the room and began the process of systematically opening each drawer and combing through its contents. She was sure Kylo had a stash of food somewhere and was hellbent on finding it. Only discovering Kylo's clothes in the first three drawers, the girl was about to let her frustration get the better of her when she pulled the fourth drawer open and found *her* clothes; intimate articles that had gone missing from her apartment over the course of the past year.

"You've got to be kidding me...," Rey said in bewilderment.

Rifling through the contents, Rey was shocked to find a collection of her unwashed bras, panties, and sleepwear. Items she had lost her mind over trying to figure out where they had gone. She wasn't crazy, after all. Her clothes *were* taken, only they were stolen by a murderous lunatic and not

a friendly house elf.

Son of a bitch.

Continuing to dig through the piles of dirty cotton and lace, Rey's fingers suddenly smacked against an old shoebox. Arching a curious brow, the girl pulled box from the drawer and set it on the floor beside her. Taking in a deep breath, she opened the lid and exclaimed a curse as she dove in and examined the items inside.

Immediately on top were dozens of printed pictures of Rey, taken candidly in various locations. At work, out shopping, at restaurants, and inside her apartment; both alone and out with friends. Flipping through the pictures, she realized just how unscrupulous Kylo was in his hunt. It didn't matter where she was or whom she was with, he was always near her. It sent a cold shiver down her spine.

Setting the photos on the floor, Rey reached back into the shoebox and found the spare keys to her apartment. Keys that she didn't even realize were missing. She knew he had been in her apartment but to actually know *how* he got in was unnerving to say the least. She wondered just how many times he had set foot into her home without her permission.

Moving past the keys, Rey focused her attention on the last items in the box; a white jewelry box and a long, black velvet bag with something rectangular inside. Grabbing the jewelry box first, she flipped open the stiff lid and gave a strangled whimper as her eyes immediately recognized the yellow gold, sunflower necklace that Poe had given her on their one year anniversary. Almost at once, all of Rey's cocky confidence flew out the window. Kylo has stolen her necklace in anticipation of doing to her what he had done to his other victims.

You think you're special, huh Rey? Yeah, right. Kylo's probably chomping at the bit to add this necklace to his shrine, you idiot. You aren't playing him, he's playing you.

Panic settled deep within Rey's bones as she closed the jewelry box and placed it next to the other objects on the floor. She needed to get the Hell out of Kylo's prison, the sooner the better. Only she didn't know how.

"You'll think of something, Rey...just stay calm," she encouraged herself before yanking the velvet bag from the shoebox.

Opening the rope drawstring, Rey pulled the bag open and physically jumped from the floor as she noticed that the object inside was her cell phone. It made no sense to her why Kylo would have kept her cell, but at that moment she didn't care. This was her chance at being rescued and she intended on taking it.

Reaching into the bag with shaky fingers, she felt her heartbeat race as she freed it from its confines and pushed the button to turn it on. It's screen was shattered but the rest of the phone seemed fine. Rey prayed to God that the battery was still alive.

"Come on...come on...come on," she repeated over and over as she waited for the white Apple logo to appear on the screen.

It felt like an eternity, but after a handful of moments Rey's phone finally sprung to life with twenty-two percent left on its battery. Without thinking, the girl scrolled through her contacts and immediately tapped her finger against Poe's number. Holding her cell to her ear, Rey choked back tears as her phone connected to her network and rang her lover's phone. After the second ring, however, Rey's heart sank when she was sent directly to Poe's voicemail.

No, No, NO!! ANSWER, DAMMIT!! Rey's mind screamed.

Swallowing her heart back into her body, Rey's thin form shook as she listened to Poe's voicemail message. She was upset, frightened, and extremely pissed off. This could be her one opportunity to be saved and she was being sent to voicemail. Finally hearing the "beep" to start her message, she took in a breath and spat out a stream of words that she only hoped made sense.

"POE!! Help me! Please! I've been taken...I don't know where I am...I'm scared...PLEASE, PLEASE I need your help...He's going to kill me. I know he is...He's going to--"

Before she had a chance to finish her sentence, Rey heard loud 'thud' coming from the room across the hallway from Kylo's bedroom. Instantly knowing that her captor had returned home, Rey ended the call and hit the button on the top of her phone to turn it off. Slipping the cell back in its bag, she gathered all of the objects from the floor and stuffed them back into the shoebox. Throwing the box into the drawer, Rey covered the cardboard with her clothes and slammed the drawer shut.

Shit, shit, SHIT.

Wanting to be as far away from the dresser as possible, Rey ran over to the bed and jumped on the soft mattress; her body landing in a relaxed position in the middle of the bed. Trying her best to control the adrenaline coursing through her veins, she painted a happy look on her face and prayed to God that her captor wouldn't know what she had just done.

"I'm back, Sweetheart...and I come bearing gifts!" Kylo's loud voice boomed as he made his way into the secured bunker.

Walking through the opened door of his room with a black backpack swung over his shoulder and carrying a white paper bag in his hands, Kylo stopped dead in his tracks as his dark eyes settled on his love. He was suddenly taken aback by just how beautiful she looked lounging on his bed. Rey was right where she belonged.

"I knew you that would look amazing on you," he offered, making reference to the floral silk teddy hugging Rey's slim body, "you're gorgeous my love."

Rey smiled innocently at her abductor and dropped her eye line to the bed in a faux modest response. She couldn't believe he thought she was beautiful in her current state. She looked like a hideous beast that had just done through Hell and back.

"Thank you," Rey replied softly, trying her best to still her anxious body.

Clearing the space to the bed, Kylo reached down to cup Rey's comely face with his free hand. Lifting her countenance, he gently swiped the pad of his thumb across her lower lip and gave her a roguish grin. He couldn't wait to put those lips to good use, but knew she needed to eat before he ravished her again.

"I know you must be hungry, Sweetheart" he said, giving her a swift kiss on the forehead, "so I went to Einsteins and got you that farmhouse bagel sandwich I know you love so much."

Feeling her belly rumble, Rey eagerly took the white paper bag from Kylo and quickly opened it. Instantly, her mouth began to water as the smell of toasted meat and cheese filled her nostrils. She couldn't remember the last time she had been this hungry. It was as if she hadn't eaten in days. Reaching inside the bag, the girl pulled out the sandwich and excitedly unwrapped just enough of the bagel to sink her teeth into it.

"Mmmmm," Rey moaned happily as she hungrily devoured her breakfast.

Humored by the way his love was shoving her sandwich into her mouth, Kylo unslung the backpack from his shoulder and dropped it to the mattress. Unzipping the satchel, he reached in and retrieved Rey's hairbrush from the bag and moved to sink his large form behind hers on the bed.

"Good?" Kylo asked, leaning down to kiss the girl's bare shoulder.

Swallowing her bite of food, Rey glanced back at Kylo and nodded her head. Confusion wracked her mind as she felt Kylo begin to gently comb *her* brush through her wet hair. So that's where he went?

"Mmm...very good, thank you," Rey replied, psyching herself up to start a conversation with him, "where did you go? I missed you."

Running the bristles through Rey's locks, Kylo let out a sigh and shrugged his shoulders. He didn't want to leave her this morning, but his obligation took precedence.

"I had a job I needed to take care of, my love...and while I was out, I figured I would stop by your old place and get some of your things on my way home. I tried to be as fast as I could...anyways, I feel like I owe you an apology, Sweetheart. I'm sorry I was so rough with you last night. I just couldn't help myself...how are you feeling?"

Rey closed her eyes and shivered slightly as her mind instantly drifted back to their carnal coupling. Kylo was a complete animal the last time she saw him, it was a stark contrast to the tender man now brushing the tangles from her hair. Maybe there was still good in him, after all. Maybe he did love her.

"Mmm...sore," Rey answered honestly.

Setting the brush down upon the square nightstand, Kylo reached his long arms around his love and hugged her tightly against his chest. He hated the fact that he had hurt her but was so hard for him to keep the beast at bay. He needed to try harder, though. Rey deserved to be loved, and loved well.

"I'm so sorry...I'll try to be more gentle next time," Kylo said, nuzzling his full lips against the nape of her neck, "it looks like you took your pill. Good girl."

Taking another bite of her delicious sandwich, Rey mumbled a reply and focused her eyes on the foot of the bed. Why did he have to be kind with her right now? She suddenly felt guilty for not taking the damn thing.

Yeah, sure. Such a good girl.

Rocking the girl gently in his arms, Kylo smiled to himself at just how perfect things had become. He knew Rey would finally accept his love. Everything had fallen into place just as he knew it would. Wanting to show her how grateful he felt, he began to move his hungry lips down the skin of her throat and across her shoulder. This time, he would play the sweet lover her body so desperately needed.

Quirking her head to the side, Rey moaned softly as Kylo's mouth caused her body to grow weak with heady desire once again. Dropping her half eaten sandwich into the bag, she reached back with her right hand and ran her fingers through her abductor's dark locks; encouraging him to continue with his wicked game. How did he have such a power over her to make her forget about all of his wrongdoings?

Smiling against her freckled skin, Kylo drifted his left hand to her breast and delicately toyed with her firm tit. He was so pleased with the girl, she deserved to be rewarded. He couldn't wait to taste

her, again. Continuing to press heated kisses along her shoulder, Kylo was suddenly pulled away from his torrid thoughts by the obnoxious sound of an airplane engine roaring to life.

“What the fuck?” Kylo asked, his dark eyes darting around the room.

Not knowing what was happening at first, Rey turned to look toward the sound radiating from the chest of drawers. Instantly, her mind screamed as she finally recognized the sound of Poe’s ringtone coming from her cellphone.

That’s impossible, you turned off the phone. Right? Oh...SHIT, Rey! You didn’t turn off the damn phone! You’re FUCKED, now!!

Knowing she had made a critical mistake, Rey scooted away from Kylo and looked at him with wide eyes. Unsure of what to do, she pulled her legs to her chest and squeezed her body into protective stance. Frozen with fear, Rey watched helplessly as Kylo stood from the bed and stormed to the dresser. She didn’t like the deadly look washing over his handsome face, it made her fear for her life.

Fuck. Fuck. FUCK.

Keeping his piercing gaze focused on the guilty looking girl, Kylo opened the drawer of his dresser and immediately found the shoebox that he kept Rey’s treasures in. Knowing exactly where the sound was coming from, Kylo tore the box open and grabbed the black velvet pouch. Ripping the phone from the bag, he growled in anger as he saw the image of Poe flashing across the glass screen. Unable to keep himself from raging, he threw the phone with all of his might over Rey’s head; effectively smashing the cell to bits as it slammed against the wall.

“What did you do, Rey?” Kylo demanded, barring his sharp teeth “*WHAT DID YOU FUCKING DO??*”

Chapter End Notes

Well, frick. That didn't end well, huh?

Let me have it...tell me ALL of your feelings in the box down below!!

As always, thank you for reading...next chapter should be fun!! <3 <3 <3

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Hello My Dark Darlings!!

WOW...can I just say...THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU for embracing my crazy little fic. You all have been so amazing with your thoughts, comments, theories, questions!! You guys are really making this fun and I am incredibly thankful. Please keep it all coming!! It really helps my muse blossom.

I wanted to thank my love, terapid, and my good friend mrs-arcadian for going over this chapter and answering my questions when I was about to rip my hair from my scalp. You helped to save this chapter, thank you.

I have also added songs to my 'Praxis' playlist on Spotify...so go have a listen if you're curious about how my characters feel about each other. I listened to "Marked for Death" by Emma Ruth Rundle and "It Will Come Back" by Hozier pretty much on repeat this entire week as I prepared to write. :)

Ok...without further ado...lets sink our teeth in, hmm??

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Rey stammered, unable to answer Kylo's heated question. She was completely unprepared for the deadly fight unfolding before her eyes. Her captor reminded her of a caged animal as he paced back and forth in front of her, the look of pure rage gracing the angular features of his face. She was in imminent danger and if she wanted to survive the day, she needed to diffuse the situation. Quickly.

Deny. Deny. Deny. Her mind encouraged. *Deny everything.*

"I...I...I didn't do anything!" Rey cried out impulsively, listening to her brain instead of her gut, "I didn't even know my phone was in there...I *swear!*"

No sooner than the words left her mouth, Rey knew she had given the wrong answer by the way her abductor stopped dead in his tracks. There was no reigning the beast in, now. It was over, she had just signed her own death warrant.

Kylo growled, his otherwise pale face turning scarlet as his anger took ahold of him. Rey had betrayed him and now she *dared* to lie straight to his face? It took all of his strength not to reach for her and toss her around like a rag doll.

"DON'T YOU LIE TO ME...ANSWER ME, REY," he screamed, balling his hands into fists at his sides, "*WHAT...DID...YOU...DO?*"

Chewing on the inside of her cheek, Rey tried to calm her racing heart threatening to burst from her chest. With a pained whimper, she released the hold on her legs and submissively turned her gaze towards the mattress. There had to be a way to turn the situation around in her favor. She had to try, at least. What did she have to lose?

"I found my necklace, you know," she countered, completely changing the direction of the

argument, “you took mine just as you took *theirs*. *You lied to me, Kylo...You don’t love me*. I’m just a toy to you. Something to play with and then destroy once you’ve had your fill...you want to kill me, just like you killed them...don’t you?”

Spurned on by her sudden accusation, Kylo gave the maddening girl a critical once over and allowed his dark fantasy to play in his mind’s eye like a horror film. He could imagine his rough hands wrapped around her thin neck, squeezing into her flesh as she twitched and fought to be freed. He could see her sweet face turn crimson and then indigo as the light within her hazel eyes slowly dimmed. He could feel the euphoria that coursed through his muscles every single time he stole a soul from Death, claiming it as his for all of eternity. It made his cock ache and his blood run molten just imagining it.

“What if I do, Rey?” Kylo asked, his voice suddenly eerily calm, “what if I do want to kill you and let you join the others?”

Rey blinked as Kylo’s heavy words absorbed slowly into her brain. She wasn’t expecting him to tell her the ugly truth. Her worst fear was slowly coming into fruition, this was all just a sick and twisted game for her captor’s pleasure. There was nothing special about her, she was just one of many pathetic creatures that became ensnared in his deadly trap. There was a huge difference between her and the others, though. Rey wasn’t about to go down without a fight.

“Good,” she spat, rising to her knees on the mattress to meet his eye level, “because I want to kill you, too.”

Kylo smirked wickedly at the defiant hellcat and nodded his head. He knew she would finally understand. She was his match in every single way and once she reclaimed her true self, they would be unstoppable together.

“Ahh...and that’s why I can’t kill you, Sweetheart. Don’t you see? The darkness that’s inside you is like a Siren’s call to me...the first time I saw you, I *knew* that we shared the same twisted impulse. That we were both driven by the same savage instinct. We *need* each other, my love...and now that I have you, I’m *never* letting you go. *You’re mine*.”

Rey narrowed her eyes, a deep scowl washing over her flushed face. Did he know about her past? She had worked very hard at wiping that chapter of her life from the world, there was no way he could know. Even if he did somehow, that Rey no longer existed. She was a changed woman, her impulse to kill no longer controlled her. Kylo was wrong, they were *nothing* alike.

Liar, liar, pants on fire. Her mind taunted.

Knowing that his love was struggling with the weight of his words, Kylo took in a large breath and stepped to the side of the bed. Reaching out, he cupped both sides of her comely face and leaned down to press his forehead against hers.

“Do anything to jeopardize our life together again,” he warned, his voice hovering just above a whisper, “and I will hurt you, my love. I will hurt you so badly that you will wish that you were dead. Do you understand?”

Rey swallowed hard, her eyes meeting Kylo’s dark storm head on. She believed every word that spilled from his full lips. There would be no escaping, the only way she would ever be free of her captor is if she broke the vow she promised herself and took his life.

“Yes...I...I understand,” she acknowledged, her voice cracking with the realization of what she needed to do.

“Good girl,” Kylo replied, reluctantly releasing her face, “now that we have that out of the way...it’s time to go, Sweetheart.”

Lifting a brow, Rey watched in dismay as Kylo stepped over to the wooden nightstand and opened the tiny drawer. No, they couldn’t leave now. Not while there was a sliver of a chance Poe could alert the authorities of her last cell phone tower ping. They needed to stay right where they were.

“Go? Go where?” Rey asked, trying her best not to panic.

Reaching into the wooden drawer, Kylo sighed in annoyance and removed a pair of silver handcuffs from the nightstand. Walking back to the girl, he reached down and roughly grabbed her thin wrists with his free hand. He knew exactly what Rey was thinking and it irked him to no end. Her precious little pilot wouldn’t be able to swoop in and save her, now. No one would.

“You’ll know when we get there,” he answered curtly, cuffing her wrists together.

Rey pressed her forehead on the cool glass of her passenger side window and focused on the sweet, symphonic music coming from the speakers inside of Kylo’s black Mercedes GLE SUV. They had been driving for hours and she was completely lost as to where they were. Her wrists remained bound in metal cuffs that threatened to cut her skin. Thankfully, Kylo had removed her blindfold and gag minutes prior when he pulled off of the deserted road they were traveling on and allowed her to relieve herself. She was humiliated that she needed Kylo’s help cleaning herself up, but he acted as if it was an everyday occurrence. Rey found herself feeling thankful for him and his nonchalant attitude, even allowing herself to return his hungry kiss as he buckled her back into her seat.

You’re sick, Rey...How can you possibly want a murderous lunatic to touch you? Poe is the one you should be lusting over, you stupid cow. That man still loves you...he wouldn’t have tried to call you back if he didn’t. The poor guy is probably going crazy right now looking for you...

That may be true, but even if you free yourself and go running back to Poe, you know he will never accept you for who you truly are. He wouldn’t want to have anything to do with you if he knew the truth. He doesn’t understand your needs...not the way Kylo does...

Well, sure...maybe Kylo does understand you, but you know you can’t get attached Rey...You know how this needs to end...

Watching the neverending line of snow covered Evergreen trees whiz by her window, Rey fought to keep her bickering thoughts under control. She could feel the beginnings of a sharp headache grow from the constant back and forth argument between her and her psyche. She just didn’t want to think, anymore.

“Are we almost there?” Rey asked suddenly, purposefully breaking her erratic train of thought.

Glancing towards the girl, Kylo nodded once and gripped the leather encased steering wheel tighter. Despite the weather, they had made excellent time. Another ten minutes or so, and they would finally arrive at his secluded cabin. Away from anyone and anything that could tear them apart.

“We are, Sweetheart. Just up the mountain a little ways. We’ll be there before you know it,” he replied, pausing for a beat before continuing, “Hmm...you’ve been so quiet. What’s going on in that pretty little head of yours?”

Rey laughed internally and turned in her comfortable seat to look at her handsome abductor. There was no way in Hell she was going to tell Kylo what was truly on her mind. However, she would tell him what he wanted to hear.

"I'm just wondering if the place you're taking me to has a bed," Rey offered suggestively.

Lifting the corner of his lips into a smirk, Kylo released his right hand from the steering wheel and reached over to caress the side of Rey's freckled face. Perhaps the silence had been beneficial for her. This was the Rey he knew would emerge once she got over the ridiculous notion that she could ever live without him.

"It does, my love," he began, letting his fingertips trace along Rey's jawline, "a big, sturdy one."

"Mmm, that sounds nice...maybe you can take me to it and we can do what we did last night?" Rey asked wantonly.

Kylo clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth and adjusted his position in the driver's seat. Almost instantaneously, his cock grew hard as he was reminded of the way Rey's perfect little cunt felt wrapped around him; squeezing him to madness. She didn't have to ask him twice, he couldn't wait to fuck her again.

"Ohhh...my little minx. Of course we can...I just need you to take another pill for me first, and then I'll take you straight to bed," Kylo purred.

Raising a brow, Rey gently pulled away from her captor's touch. "Another pill? But I already took the one you gave me," she said, trying to ignore the hairs standing up on the back of her neck.

Kylo turned his attention from the girl back to the road as he made a right turn onto the gravel road leading to their final destination. He didn't understand why she sounded so alarmed. She didn't have a problem taking the first pill, why was this an issue now?

"Well...yes, you did...but it takes two doses for the medication to be effective, Sweetheart."

Sitting straight in her seat, Rey watched the icy road ahead as they wound up the side of a mountain. She didn't know what she should be more afraid of, the steep terrain or the current conversation.

"Effective? Just what did you give me, Kylo?" Rey asked, her voice taking on a hint of annoyance.

Placing his foot on the brake, Kylo slowed his SUV to a crawl and gently turned left onto the long driveway that led to his cabin. He hadn't planned on telling Rey the truth about the pill, but if things were to progress positively, he knew he needed to be forthright with her.

"I gave you Plan B, Sweetheart. I knew I wouldn't want to pull out or use protection my first time with you...but I'll use condoms from now on, I promise," Kylo offered, pulling in front of his A-Frame cabin.

Not caring that they had finally arrived at their destination, Rey looked at Kylo in a daze. *That's* why the pill looked so familiar, she mused. She had taken the morning after pill the first time she and Poe had had unprotected sex.

You really fucked up this time, Rey. What if the reason you haven't fallen pregnant yet is because Poe's swimmers don't swim? Did you ever think of that?

"Oh," Rey breathed, unable to say anything else to either her abductor or herself.

Putting the Mercedes in park, Kylo turned off the engine and unbuckled his seatbelt. Opening his car door, he stepped onto the snow dusted gravel driveway and slammed the door behind him. Walking around to the passenger side, he opened Rey's door and leaned over her slim body to remove her seatbelt. Daylight was quickly fading and the temperature was dipping well below freezing, it was

best that they settle themselves in for the night as soon as possible.

“Ok, my love,” Kylo muttered, reaching for the stuffed black backpack resting at Rey’s feet, “time to see your new home.”

Helping the cuffed girl from her leather seat, Kylo reached back into the SUV and grabbed a grey metal flashlight from the glove box. Closing the door, he took Rey by the arm and gently lead her towards the modest two-story cabin. He hadn’t planned on taking his love to his safehouse for at least a few more weeks and it annoyed him that things weren’t ready for her. He hoped she wouldn’t be turned off by the fact that they would be roughing it for a day or two.

“I’ll head into town tomorrow to get gas for the generator,” he offered, pulling his keys from the pocket of his jeans and unlocking the door, “until then, we have flashlights and I’ll make us a fire. How does that sound?”

Rey turned her gaze to Kylo and gave him a tiny grin. Why was he asking her? It’s not like she had a choice in the matter.

“Sounds nice,” Rey replied, her teeth chattering slightly from the frigid air.

Opening the red wooden door, Kylo glanced at the girl with concern painting his face. Even though he had bundled her up in an oversized puffy coat, thick jeans, and Ugg boots, the freezing temperatures were still getting to her. He needed to build the fire quickly, before she became sick. Turning on the flashlight, Kylo ushered Rey inside and lead her towards the stone fireplace flanking the far wall.

“It’ll just take me a couple of minutes, Sweetheart...I promise I’ll have you warmed up in no time,” he said softly before pulling logs from the reserve pile next to the fireplace.

Only nodding her head in reply, Rey watched Kylo intently as he set to work piling the wood inside the hearth and sparking a fire. Within a couple minutes, the fireplace roared to life; filling the immediate area with light and warmth. Moaning happily, she stretched her bound hands towards the heat and closed her tired eyes. She always did love being next to an open fire.

“Feel good?” Kylo asked, shrugging off the backpack from his shoulder and dropping it to the floor.

“Mmm...very good,” Rey replied.

Unable to stop himself, Kylo stepped over to the girl and gave her a soft kiss on her rosy cheek. She looked so sweet in that moment, it washed away all of the anger he still harbored over her little stunt earlier. Digging into his dark denim back pocket, he removed a pair of tiny silver keys. Reaching out to hold the girl’s hands in place, he quickly unlocked the handcuffs from her dainty wrists and gave her a loving smile.

“Stay right here and warm up...I’m going to unload the truck. While I’m doing that, be a good girl and take your last pill. It’s in the front pocket of the backpack. There’s a bottle of water in there with it so...you have no excuse not to, ok?”

Rey opened her eyes and gave Kylo a nod as he moved towards the opened front door. Rubbing her raw wrists, she took a step towards the backpack and bent down to retrieve the pill and water from its pocket. Popping the lone pill from its foil housing, she placed it on her tongue and washed it down with a large swing of water; saying a prayer that half of the dose would be sufficient in protecting her from an unwanted pregnancy.

Yeah, you’d better pray you don’t get pregnant with the spawn of Satan.

Mumbling an unkind phrase to herself, Rey tipped the plastic bottle upwards and chugged down the rest of the tepid spring water. Turning her back to the stone hearth, she slowly danced her eye line around the darkened space, trying to memorize her new surroundings. Although she couldn't make out specific details in the firelight, she could tell that the open concept cabin was meticulously clean and sparse of furniture or personal effects. There didn't appear to be anything obvious she could use as a weapon, she couldn't help but feel a little defeated.

Think Rey, her mind nudged, there is a kitchen...and where there is a kitchen there are usually...

"Knives," she breathed aloud.

Swooping her gaze to the left, Rey narrowed her sights on the small kitchen. Although the countertops were completely bare, she prayed that inside one of the drawers she would find at least one knife. It didn't have to be a butcher knife, any blade would do. Hell, if she had to, she could use a dull butter knife to slit her captor's throat. Now she only needed to find a way to rummage through the cabinets without Kylo knowing.

Sneak away while he's sleeping, Rey. You know how to be quiet. You can do this.

"Yes...I can do this," Rey said quietly, pulling her attention back to the flickering fire.

Enjoying the heat radiating from the burning logs, Rey concentrated on the bright flames and constructed a basic plan of action in her mind. First, she needed to exhaust Kylo so completely that he would be dead to the world. Second, she would sneak into the kitchen and find a knife. Lastly, she would use the blade on her captor and earn her freedom back.

Simple enough, Rey. What could possibly go wrong?

Ignoring the doubt creeping into her skull, Rey unzipped her black puffer coat and shrugged it from her barely covered shoulders. Dropping her jacket to the wooden floor, she silently went over her plan again and again. Although the thought of using a blade on Kylo rubbed her wrong, she knew that it was the only way she would ever overpower him. She was strong, but not nearly as physically capable as her captor. This was how it needed to play.

No. It doesn't have to be this way. Don't kill him, Rey. He completes your broken soul. Don't do it.

You have to...there's no other way. You want to be free, right?

Lost in her mind's tug of war, Rey's vision blurred; turning the yellow flames into a glimpse of her almost future. She could see herself cuddling next to Poe's naked form and laughing at something brilliant tumbling from his lips. Happiness and love surrounded them both in their shared bed, everything about the moment seemed blissfully perfect. She watched herself slink over his hard body, leaning in to kiss his sweet mouth. Just before her lips made contact, however, his handsome face suddenly melted away; turning into Kylo's at the very last second.

"What are you thinking about?" Kylo asked, stepping behind the girl and wrapping his long arms around her torso.

Rey jumped, a shocked yelp leaving her opened mouth. She hadn't heard Kylo come up behind her and it scared her senseless. If she was to go through with her plan, she needed to be more aware of where her captor was at all times.

"Ahh! You scared me!" Rey cried out, instantly forgetting the prediction in the flames.

Holding the girl tight against his front, Kylo kissed an apology against her temple and roamed his

calloused hands across the floral silk covering her flat abdomen.

“Mmm...I’m sorry, Sweetheart. I didn’t mean to,” he offered, moving his lips to the shell of her ear and pulling her soft lobe between his teeth.

Moaning a reply, Rey lifted her right arm and let her fingers sink into her captor’s mop of dark hair. It unnerved her how quickly he could make her switch on a dime. She shouldn’t be enjoying his heated caresses or his lustful kisses. She should feel wrong for wanting more of the man she would ultimately have to kill.

“Warming up?” Kylo purred, his tongue lazily toying with her earlobe.

Nodding ever so slightly, Rey twisted her fingers into Kylo’s locks and wiggled her backside against his lower half suggestively. He had just begun to touch her and already her body was already beginning to ache. How did he have such a hold over her?

Letting his hand slip from her abdomen, Kylo danced his nimble fingers lower to the metal clasp of her jeans. Toying with the brass button, he trailed his full lips lower to her neck.

"Mmm...good. Should I take you to bed then, my little minx?" Kylo asked, licking the bruised love bite gracing her throat.

Not wanting to move further away from the kitchen, Rey turned her body in Kylo’s strong arms and pressed her entire weight against him. If she played her cards right, she could be free before daylight broke. All she needed to do was exhaust her abductor to the point of no return.

“No, Kylo...fuck me right now, *right here*,” she breathed seductively, leaning up to claim his perfect mouth in an all consuming kiss.

Chapter End Notes

So what did you learn in this chapter? I love hearing your thoughts and theories...so let me know in the box below!!

I really hope you enjoyed this chapter...it was a bit of a transitional one, so I hope it wasn't too dull. I wonder if Rey will be able to follow through with her plan...

OH! ALSO...please don't kill me, but there will NOT be an update next weekend. I know, I know...I'm very sorry BUT I'm flying down to the desert to spend next weekend with the love of my life. So...expect an update in two weeks, mmmkay? Be sure you're subscribed so you will get a notification of when I post the next chapter!! <3 <3

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Hello my Dark Darlings!!

YAY an update!! Who is excited?! I know I sure as Hell am!! I hope you enjoy this chapter, I poured a lot of time into it so *fingers crossed*

I just want to say that you all have been amazing...the positive response to this fic has been overwhelming and I wish I could hug each and every one of you!! THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU!! <3 <3 <3

On the flip side...to all of those hate reading this and writing nasty comments (hey, morons...I moderate comments for a reason, your disgusting rants will never see the light of day), as well as those making public comments mocking very specific phrases I used in my first smut chapter in Praxis (yeah, bitches...I see you) I just want to say a big HIIIIIIIII!! *blows kisses* please continue to hate because it gives me life. You're really helping to motivate me so...thank you, too!! *winks*

Alright...are you ready?! LET'S GO!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Rey drew in a ragged breath as she watched Kylo fall to his knees before her, his large hands yanking the restrictive fabric of her stonewashed denim to her ankles. For a moment, he looked almost vulnerable; like an insecure peasant unworthy of being in the presence of a Queen. It didn't last long, however. As soon as Rey blinked her hazel eyes, the wolf was back. Intent on consuming everything she was willing to give.

“Off,” Kylo demanded, motioning with his sharp chin for Rey to step out of her pants.

Following his order, Rey lifted each leg and allowed her captor to remove her jeans. Now clad in only a pair of white cotton panties and ankle socks, she couldn't help but feel embarrassed. Kylo had yet to take off any of his clothes and didn't seem to be in any rush to, either. Now *she* was the one who was vulnerable. Exactly how he intended her to feel.

“What about you?” Rey asked, squeaking a bit as Kylo ran his calloused fingertips over her toned calves.

“Mmm...what about me, Sweetheart?” Kylo questioned, leaning forward to nip his jagged teeth into the skin of her upper thigh.

Rey closed her eyes and pressed herself closer, her hands reaching down to grab the finely knitted sweater covering her captor's shoulders. She couldn't let Kylo take control, she reminded herself. It was imperative that she grab ahold of the reins before he spun her too far.

“*This ...take it off, take it all off. Now ,*” she hissed.

Kylo pulled his lips away from Rey's pebbled skin and locked his dark eyes on her flushed face. *Finally* , he mused, all of his time and effort had paid off. His wicked little doll was ready to play.

“Make me,” he husked, moving to run the tip of his pink tongue along the seam of the panty gracing her right thigh.

Releasing her hold on his ebony sweater, Rey lifted her hand to run her fingers through her captor’s tousled locks. Narrowing her eyes, she twisted her digits into his hair and wrenched his head sharply to the side; causing Kylo to automatically wince and bare his white teeth in response to her dominant display.

“*Get up and take off your clothes,*” she growled, giving his tendrils another sharp pull before letting go and taking a step away from his kneeling form, “I won’t tell you twice.”

Giving the simmering girl a once over, Kylo leaned his head to the side and arched a brow. Rey would have to do better than that if she wanted to keep him under her thumb, tonight.

“I...said... *make...* me,” Kylo said, pausing deliberately after every word.

Pursing her cracked lips together, Rey nodded once and raised an open hand. Not giving him a second to brace himself, she immediately slapped his angular cheek as hard as she could muster.

Fine, fucker, she thought, *let’s play.*

“*NOW!*” Rey barked, moving her stinging hand in the opposite direction to backhand the other side of his shocked countenance.

Kylo lifted the corner of his mouth into a sinful smirk and squared his newly reddened face. It was a good start, he thought. Enough of one to fan the flames of his heady desire for the girl, at least. He couldn’t wait to see what else she could do.

“Yes, Sweetheart,” he purred before rising his hulking body from the wooden floor.

Lifting her chin in triumph, Rey folded her toned arms over her bare breasts and watched intently as Kylo stripped naked before her. It wasn’t long before she felt the euphoric rush of adrenaline spike through her veins, causing the tight knot in her core to twist and turn. The switch that she had suppressed for so long was on the verge of flipping. She needed to be careful not to let it overtake her once again.

Or not. Her mind poked. *Who says you can’t enjoy this fuck, as you did last night? Who says you can’t enjoy this kill?*

Pulling his charcoal grey briefs from his lower half and flinging them to the floor, Kylo stood unabashedly with his hands balling into fists at his sides. He watched with focused interest as he noticed Rey’s gaze cloud over and then sharpen while they trailed lazily down his naked body. She was struggling, of that he was certain. His poor little minx, still wanting so desperately to be a good girl.

“Now, what?” Kylo asked, paying no mind to his hardening cock yearning for the girl’s touch.

Reluctantly shifting her eye line from her captor’s thick dick, Rey turned her head to the left and motioned for Kylo to move to the brown microfiber couch. Already, she could feel her arousal seep through the cotton panties covering the apex between her thighs. They had had enough foreplay in the time it took Kylo to tear her clothes from her thin body. She needed to feel his cock stretch her open, again; the sooner, the better.

“Sit on the couch,” she demanded, “I’m going to ride you until you whimper and *beg* me to let you cum.”

“Oh, yeah?” Kylo asked, letting out a disbelieving huff as he headed towards the worn sofa, “you think I’m actually going to beg *you* ?”

Quickly walking behind Kylo, Rey reached forward and gave his firm ass cheek a sharp pinch with her fingers.

“I don’t think... *I know*. Now sit down,” she ordered.

Turning to face the hot tempered girl, Kylo sliced his sharp canine teeth into the soft flesh of his cheek to keep himself locked in the wicked moment. Although he didn’t know if Rey would be successful in her efforts, he was dying to see her try. Either way, it was a win win situation for him.

“Mmm...yes, Sweetheart,” he offered before taking a seat on the plush couch with his legs spread wide.

Taking in a shaky breath, Rey stepped between her captor’s long limbs and hooked the elastic waistband of her panties with her thumbs. Trying her best to put on a show, she slowly inched the cotton fabric down her hips; pausing just before revealing her aching pussy to gauge Kylo’s reaction.

“Do you want this?” Rey asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

Nodding his head, Kylo lifted his arm and attempted to tear the fabric from her grasp. Of course he wanted her cunt, *it belonged to him*.

Before her abductor had a chance to grab her panties, Rey lifted her right leg and expertly kicked her foot against his muscular chest; causing Kylo to cough as the air was pushed from his lungs. Holding him firmly in place against the back of the couch, she leaned towards his surprised face and hissed out a warning.

“I’m the one in charge, tonight...you just sit there and let me fuck you, is that understood?”

Lifting a dark brow, Kylo wiggled his broad back into the couch and brought his cold hands behind his head. Oh how he loved watching her blossom into the assertive temptress he knew was inside. She could have her way this time, he decided. He would let her have a tiny taste of what was possible if she reclaimed her true nature.

“Understood,” Kylo said, threading his fingers together.

Pleased with his reply, Rey shoved her foot from his pec and quickly stripped her soaked panties and ankle socks from her thrumming body. Standing naked before her captor, Rey trailed the nimble fingers of her right hand from her breastbone to her swollen cunt. Holding his lust filled gaze, she worked the tip of her middle finger between her cleft and soaked her digit with her slick arousal. Climbing onto her her abductor, she effortlessly straddled his hips and brought her finger to his full lips.

“Taste me,” she breathed.

More than happy to oblige, Kylo opened his mouth and took Rey’s finger fully into his mouth. Working his uneven tongue around her digit, he eagerly swiped all of her juice from her skin. She was lucky he had already made the decision of letting her steer their fuck session. In the morning, however, he would drink her dry.

“Good boy,” Rey encouraged, pulling her cleaned finger from his warm mouth with a loud ‘pop.’

Feeling emboldened, Rey dropped her hand between their wanting bodies and wrapped her hand around the base of Kylo's throbbing cock. Holding him steady, she lifted herself onto her knees and nudged his pink head against her ready entrance. Her skin was buzzing with heightened excitement, causing the dull ache behind her pubic bone to grow into a dying need. Finally and truly, she had the power over her abductor. This was happening on *her* terms. It felt better than any aphrodisiac she had ever taken.

Watching the girl narrow her hazel eyes in determination, Kylo pushed out a groan as he felt his needy hellion lower herself onto his pulsating cock. Her pussy was the guiltiest little pleasure he had ever known. He knew he would never tire of the feeling of her perfect cunt squeezing around him like a vice. It caused his mind to blank of everything...except for one tiny detail.

"Rey," Kylo hissed, suddenly remembering something vital.

Instantly halting her movement, Rey gave Kylo a curious look and slapped her opened palms against the alabaster skin covering his chest. How dare he try to stop her just as she was beginning to feel so good?

"What?" Rey asked in annoyance, trying to ignore her burning leg muscles.

"Condom," he stated simply through gritted teeth.

Shit, Rey thought.

Pressing her broken nails into his flesh, Rey closed her eyes a moment and ran through her lurid options. The last thing she wanted to do was stop herself and find protection. Perhaps the dose of medication would protect her from both encounters. They were within twenty-four hours of each other, after all. They were fine. Right?

Right.

"Fuck the condom," Rey growled, sinking his rigid cock to the hilt, "just tell me when you're about to cum and I'll get off."

Spitting out a curse, Kylo nodded in agreement and moved his hands from behind his head to either side of the back of the couch. Gripping the sofa tightly, he watched entranced as Rey began to slowly raise and lower herself onto his dick. *Sure*, he would gladly pull out and cum all over that tight little body of hers. Hopefully it would live up to the shameless fantasies that invaded his mind multiple times a day.

Biting her lower lip between her teeth, Rey wiggled her hips and languidly moved her filled cunt up and down Kylo's thick shaft. Her body was still sore from their previous coupling and she had to remind herself to relax in order to easily accommodate his thick girth. After a handful of passes, she found a comfortable rhythm that allowed her body to loosen around him. Pleasure danced around her core with each push as the wide tip of his cock tickled her hidden crevice. In this position, he was hitting her deeper than she could have ever imagined. He felt too good inside of her, she wanted *more*.

Now, now, now...don't lose yourself, Rey. I know this feels fucking amazing, but stay in control. Her mind warned.

Moaning a reply to herself, Rey focused on keeping her shallow thrusts evenly measured. Again and again, at a lazy pace; trying desperately to ignore the dull ache buried deep within her silken sheath as it grew into something deliciously sharp.

Kylo's hungry gaze trailed from the girl's spread legs, to her bouncing tits, and then to her furrowed face. Even in the dull light of the room, he could tell she was concentrating so hard on not going too wild, too quickly. Wanting Rey to give into her lust, Kylo released his grip on the couch and placed his hands on her narrow waist. With a squeeze of his long fingers, he encouraged her to speed her movement.

"Fuck me faster, Rey," he said with a grunt.

Bucking against her captor's touch, Rey pulled her hands from his muscular chest to either side of his face. Holding him firmly in place, she leaned in close and brushed her lips ever so slightly over his.

"Beg me to, Kylo," she replied, running her uneven tongue along his upper lip.

Growling against her mouth, Kylo narrowed his dark eyes and lifted his hips from the couch; causing his entire length to be fully sealed inside of her sopping cunt. It was against his better judgement to beg, but he knew it was a necessary evil. She had better remember this moment, he thought, because it would never happen again.

"Please fuck me faster, Sweetheart," he offered, his deep voice heavy with desire, "*please.*"

With a triumphant smirk, Rey leaned away from Kylo's handsome face and obliged his lurid request. Ramping the speed of her thrusts, she held her captor's eye line with her own and bristled with pride as she witnessed his lips pull back in an animalistic sneer. She knew she almost had him right where she wanted him, it wouldn't be long now before he broke and she could put her plan into motion.

"Mmm...like...that?" Rey panted.

Unable to verbalize a reply, Kylo crushed the tips of his fingers into the soft flesh of the girl's waist and stifled a grunt. He was amazed by how expertly she was squeezing her inner muscles with each rise and fall over his throbbing length. Every scandalous swirl of her hips seemed calculated, he knew she was planning something by the way the corner of her lip nervously ticked. At that moment, however, he couldn't care less. All that mattered was the way her svelte body seemed intent on draining him of everything.

Groaning into the air, Rey ran the pads of her thumbs against Kylo's sharp cheeks and relished the sound of their flesh slapping against each other. Cantering her hips in a circular pattern, she whimpered as her wet pussy eagerly worked her abductor's thick cock. Her muscles were humming with want, she could feel her release curling tightly around her core. Perhaps she wasn't in complete control, after all.

Dammit, Rey...you know what you need to do. DO IT.

Heeding her mind's demand, Rey suddenly snarled and moved her hands from Kylo's face to his sturdy neck. Easily locating his pulsepoint, she pressed her fingers into his throat with all of her might; catching him off guard and causing him to choke on his last breath of air. Although she knew she couldn't kill him this way, she was hoping the twisted action would cause his body to crumble. Leaning forward, she placed her chapped lips against the shell of his ear and whispered hotly.

"Is this how you did it, Kylo?" Rey asked, continuing to fuck his cock as she strangled his neck, "Is this how you killed them?"

Kylo pushed out a tight cough, completely taken aback by Rey's poorly made decision. Instantly, the leash he held on the beast within snapped; causing him to turn on the girl he so desperately loved. Growling like an unhinged monster, Kylo broke Rey's grip on his neck and slammed her lithe body

down onto the couch in a single, smooth motion. Keeping his cock secured in her fluttering pussy, he gripped her by the throat with his right hand and gave an evil smile as she squirmed beneath him.

“No, Rey,” he offered darkly, “*this is.*”

Rey struggled under her captor’s hulking form, her lungs unable to expand beneath his weight. Kylo was too strong, there was no way she could overpower him without a weapon. Just what the fuck did she think was going to happen by prodding a psychopathic serial killer?

Beat yourself up later, you stupid cow, her mind screamed, get yourself out of this situation, NOW. Fight, dammit!

Using her weakening will, Rey grabbed onto Kylo’s strong wrist with both hands and attempted to snap his hold. Unable to budge his crushing grasp, she scratched her sharp nails down the length of his forearm and bucked her torso with the last of her strength. Crimson spots blurred her vision and she could feel her windpipe collapse from the force of his grip. Time was not on her side, she needed to do *something*.

“Please, Kylo,” Rey managed to squeak out, “I...love...you.”

Snarling through a jagged smile, Kylo watched mesmerized as Rey’s freckled face slowly turned crimson in color. Acting on autopilot, he paid no mind to the girl’s feeble attempt to stop his attack. Cinching his hand tighter around her thin neck, he bent over his love and watched her hazel eyes begin to gloss over. This was the exact moment his evil soul craved, when his victims hovered between life and death. *The inbetween*. It would be so easy to snuff out her bright light and allow her to join the others in the afterlife.

Only, that wasn’t her fate.

Instantly snapping himself back to reality, Kylo loosened his fingers around her throat and spit out a loud curse. He hadn’t meant to lose himself with the girl. Taking her to the brink was the last thing he ever wanted to do.

“Rey?” Kylo asked in a panic, rapping his palm against her cheek to make her roaming gaze focus on him, “Rey!”

Rey gulped in large mouthfuls of air, her buzzing body jerking as her mind came back from the edge of the abyss. Relief flooded her muscles, bringing with it a surge of euphoric adrenaline. Within the blink of an eye, she went from overwhelming despair to staggering pleasure. Although she had no idea what was going on, she was certain that she didn’t want the feeling to end quite yet.

“Again,” she breathed, “*do that again.*”

Quirking his head to the side, Kylo surveyed the moaning girl curiously. At first he wasn’t quite sure what she was asking of him and was worried that he had caused serious damage. Once he felt a gush of her warm arousal coat his cock, however, he realized exactly what she wanted him to do. She had crossed over the threshold, he now had her for all of eternity.

“Ohhh...did you enjoy that, Sweetheart?” Kylo asked, slowly grinding his dick into her tight channel.

Nodding her head feverishly, Rey wrapped her legs around her captor’s waist and clawed her nails along his broad shoulders. The switch she had guarded so protectively for years had finally flipped, there was no going back. She *needed* Kylo to do his worst.

“Yes...do it, again,” Rey demanded, her voice broken and hoarse.

“Mmmm,” Kylo began, nuzzling the tip of his nose along her jawline, “you need to tell me *exactly* what you want me to do, my love.”

Excitement tickled the base of Rey’s skull as she felt her captor wiggle his left hand between their pressed bodies. He was toying with her, she realized, both emotionally and physically. Trying to make her mind and body admit things long suppressed. God help her, she was ready to confess everything to her abductor. She would give him everything.

“I need you to put your hand around my neck and squeeze until I can’t breathe...I need you to *fuck* me and make me cum,” she said wantonly, gasping lightly as she felt Kylo tease her swollen clit.

Circling his hips, Kylo eagerly thrust his thick cock into the girl’s cunt while she spilled her wicked desires. Taking her sensitive nub between the tips of his middle finger and thumb, he leaned down and swiped his lips against hers; purring an agreement before claiming her mouth in a feral kiss. Whether the girl realized it or not, she had just sealed herself to him. Now, they were one.

Encouraged by Rey’s seductive mewls, Kylo returned his right hand to her marred throat. Opening his digits, he slipped her neck between the junction of his thumb and index finger. Reluctantly breaking the kiss, he pulled back and locked his dark eyes to hers.

“Ready?” Kylo asked, his voice menacingly low.

Licking her bruised lips, Rey filled her lungs with one last, heavy breath and gave a nod. She was more than ready. Between his cock filling her cunt, fingers playing with her clit, and his hand around her throat, she was already on the verge of snapping. He needed to get on with it before her need killed her.

“Yes,” Rey acknowledged.

Having the permission he desperately needed, Kylo slowly squeezed his fingers against Rey’s throat and focused on her breathing. Feeling her pulse race beneath his hand, he groaned as he felt her silken cunt squeeze around his cock. She was enjoying this as much as he was, it was a realization that made him want to spill his seed right then and there. No, he reminded himself, she needed to cum first. It was necessary for Rey to take her fill before he took his. This was his present to her.

Drifting her blurring gaze to Kylo’s full lips, Rey relaxed her body as much as she could and allowed him to control the situation. Before long, she felt herself slipping into the darkness; where all of her icy fears were replaced by a warm burst of pleasure. It was unlike anything she had felt before, the lack of oxygen heightened every lurid sensation.

She didn’t want it to end.

Monitoring his love’s slowing heart beat, Kylo grit his teeth and growled as he watched her eyes roll back into her head. Seeing Rey slip towards the final edge was the most beautiful thing he had ever witnessed. He would never forget this moment for as long as he lived. Cinching his fingers even tighter, he felt a sudden twinge of pride as he felt his love twitch violently and attempt to gasp. She was close. *So very close.*

Squirming uncontrollably under Kylo’s lascivious administration, Rey quickly found herself running head first towards the rocky cliff of her release. Before long, she lost all semblance of consciousness. All that remained was a pulsating ball of pleasure hellbent on stealing what was left of her soul. Screaming silently into the ebony void, she eagerly let go and fell directly into the fire; letting it

consume her mind and body in wave after wave of electric bliss.

Feeling the girl seize underneath his glistening body, Kylo freed the grip on Rey's neck and curled his lips into a beastly snarl as he heard her gulp in much needed air. God, how he couldn't wait to ask her how it felt to dance with the Devil.

Good girl, he thought, so good .

Waiting until her constricting form stilled, Kylo allowed his body to finally take its own release. Balancing himself on the small sofa, he thrust into Rey's still spasming cunt like a man possessed. Grunting into the warm air of the cabin, he waited until the very last second to pull his cock from her sopping pussy. Feeling his razor sharp orgasm tear through his muscles, Kylo held his throbbing dick steady and watched in awe as he released rope after rope of creamy hot cum onto the tanned flesh of Rey's abdomen.

"Fuck!" Kylo hissed as he slowly came down from his high.

Relishing the way his heart felt as if it was on the verge of flatlining, Kylo closed his eyes and swallowed hard. He hadn't cum that hard in years, not since his first time with Annie. He had spent so long chasing the steel dragon and only through the girl had he been able to finally catch it. It was just another sign that they were truly meant to be.

Whimpering happily, Rey trailed her fuzzy gaze across Kylo's now serene face. In the flickering light of the fireplace, she couldn't help but think he was the most handsome man she had ever seen. If she didn't know what lurked deep within his soul, she would've sworn he was an Angel sent straight from Heaven to save her from all of the evil in the World.

You stupid little girl, her mind spat, what have you done? How could you possibly have let yourself fall in love with the monster? You still have to kill him, Rey! YOU STILL HAVE TO KILL HIM!

Pushing the critical voice to the back of her head, Rey lifted her shaky torso from the microfiber couch and gave her abductor a chaste kiss. Her plan hadn't changed, she assured herself. When the time came, she would be able to give the final blow. She wasn't in love with Kylo. *No*, that wasn't possible. Poe was the one that held her heart, not the beast hovering above.

Uh huh, sure, Rey....sure.

Returning the girl's tender kiss, Kylo gathered her in his long arms and moved to sit properly on the used sofa. Cradling her on his lap, he pressed a sprinkling of kisses against her crown and cooed phrases shared only between lovers. For the first time in his adult life, contentment filled his stone heart. He was finally at peace. Nothing could tear him from his love, now.

Nothing.

Not wanting to lose what was left of her wavering nerve, Rey forced herself to move the night along instead of basking in the afterglow. Her plan was still in effect, she coldly reminded herself. As soon as Kylo was asleep, she would find some sort of weapon in the kitchen and finally free herself from her captor.

"Kylo?" Rey asked, snuggling against her abductor's muscular chest.

"Mmm...yes, Sweetheart?" Kylo replied.

"I'm tired," she offered simply, making herself yawn for added effect.

Running his opened hands along Rey's svelte body, Kylo let out a small and knowing laugh. Tired didn't even begin to describe how he felt in that moment. His little hellion had completely worn him out.

"Me too, my love," he said before catching Rey's contagious yawn, "hmm...shall I take you to bed?"

Nodding her heavy head, Rey nuzzled her nose along the underside of Kylo's sharp chin, "please? I think you may have to carry me, though...I still can't feel my legs."

Smirking like an arrogant jackass, Kylo swooped the girl into a bridal carry position and stood from the sofa. His poor little minx, exhausted by his very capable hands. She'd better get used to it, he intended on draining her energy every chance he got.

"Very well, then...let's go to bed," Kylo said before stepping towards the wooden staircase leading to the tiny loft above.

Listening to the rhythmic breathing of her captor as he entered deep sleep, Rey pulled her heavy lidded eyes to the four paned window along the far wall. Although the room was pitch black, she could tell that there was a raging snowstorm on the other side of the frozen glass. How would she escape if she couldn't get down the blasted mountain?

Maybe this is a sign, Rey. Perhaps you should just wait it out until the weather clears up some? Engage Kylo in conversation...really get to know him. Figure out what makes him tick. That way when the time comes, you won't have any unanswered questions to drive yourself crazy with.

HA! Yeah, right...do that and you'll never be able to escape. He'll only worm his way into your heart if you do that. Look at you...you're already smitten. No...fuck him. The less you know about him, the better. Now get out of bed and find the bloody knife, Rey.

Knowing that she needed to listen to the aggressive voice in her head, Rey held her breath and slowly wiggled her body away from Kylo's slumbering form. Inch by inch she moved over the lumpy Queen sized mattress as quietly as she could. Halfway towards the edge of the bed, she felt her captor stir; his long arm jetting away from his torso in order to locate her.

Instantly freezing in place, Rey closed her eyes and suppressed a yelp as she felt his heavy paw slap down across her blanket draped hip. She could hear Kylo mumble something gruff, but couldn't quite make out the words. Whatever it was, it sounded possessive. Even in his sleep, it seemed as if he needed her to stay by his side.

Oh well. He can't have you, Rey...now hurry. Dawn will be coming, soon.

Psyching herself up, Rey counted to thirty-three in her head before gently easing out of Kylo's hold and scooting her naked body off of the bed. Shivering as the cold air of the room hit her bare skin, she clamped her jaw down tightly in order to stop her teeth from chattering together. She didn't know what was worse, staying in bed with a serial killer or walking around the freezing cabin completely nude. Using the temperature as motivation, Rey tip toed her way out of the small loft and down the staircase almost without a sound. Luck was clearly on her side, she told herself, how else had she made it downstairs without hitting a single creaky floorboard?

Hearing Kylo softly snoring above her, Rey offered a silent 'thanks' to the Universe and padded her way to the "L" shaped kitchen tucked towards the back of the log cabin. Starting with the vertical row of oak drawers next to the avocado green refrigerator, she began the process of pulling open each one; carefully inspecting the sparse contents inside.

Not finding anything of value in the first five drawers, Rey sighed in frustration. There *had* to be something of use. Plastic measuring cups and aluminum whisks weren't going to do the job. Just where were the fucking utensils? She would freeze to death before she found anything even resembling a weapon.

Making her way down the line of cabinets, Rey was on the verge of giving up on her search when she opened a tiny drawer nestled in the corner of the kitchen. Even in the overwhelming darkness of the room, she could make out the ragged blades of five steak knives. Screaming with delight internally, Rey reached into the drawer and grasped onto the wooden handle of the first knife she came into contact with. It wasn't a large blade, maybe five inches long, but it had a decent heft to it. She had dispatched men with smaller knives, this one would certainly accomplish what she intended to do.

Ecstatic with her newfound treasure, Rey attempted to remove the steak knife from the drawer just as a deep voice boomed behind her.

"I know what you're looking for, Sweetheart," Kylo stated, his large body draping over the side of the loft's open railing.

Jumping in sudden panic, Rey dropped the knife back into the drawer and quickly pushed it closed. Turning to face her handsome abductor, Rey raised her chin and gave him a full smile. Putting on a demeanor of innocence, she shrugged her shoulders and stepped away from the cabinets.

Fuck...fuck...fuck. Just act stupid, Rey. Play dumb.

"You do?" Rey asked sweetly, folding her arms over her pert tits.

"Mmmhmmm," Kylo offered, raking his eyes up and down the naked girl walking closer, "you won't find what you're looking for in there. All of the food I brought is in the duffel bag by the front door. It's not much...just some protein bars, nuts, and those applesauce squeezey things you love...but it'll tide us over until we go into town tomorrow and get some groceries. Just bring the whole thing up and we'll have a little feast in bed. How does that sound?"

Sighing in relief, Rey nodded her head and headed towards the front door. Thank God Kylo didn't suspect anything. Although her plan had been foiled, she felt accomplished in that she knew exactly where she needed to go when the opportunity arose. Her efforts hadn't been entirely in vain.

Slinging the heavy black bag over her sore shoulder, Rey hurried her way back towards the staircase and climbed the wooden stairs two at a time. Stopping herself at the entrance to the loft, she smiled nervously as Kylo stalked to where she stood. She couldn't tell what he seemed more hungry for, the food or her.

"You're beautiful, you know that?" Kylo asked, leaning down to kiss the girl's cheek.

"So are you," Rey said without thinking, instantly wincing as soon as the words left her mouth.

Grinning at the suddenly awkward girl, Kylo took the duffel bag from her and threw it onto the mattress. She looked so sweet in that moment, like a blushing virgin. It was a complete departure from the wanton girl begging him to strangle her only hours before. He loved that she had the ability to be both. How did he get so lucky?

"I'm glad you think so, Sweetheart...now get back in bed before you catch a cold," he demanded.

Taking her captor's instruction, Rey eagerly climbed back into their shared bed and yanked the plush comforter around her shivering body. It felt good to be back surrounded by cozy warmth, even if she

planned on killing her bed partner. She might as well enjoy the simple things while she could, she reminded herself.

Slipping underneath the covers, Kylo pressed his tired body next to the girl and bent down to kiss the side of her head. It was his fault for not getting her anything to eat or drink after their little escapade, his poor little minx was no doubt starving from all of her physical exertion. Next time, he would be more mindful of her aftercare.

Grabbing the burly bag, Kylo tossed it onto his lap and quickly removed a handful of random snacks from its inner pockets. Handing the girl her favorite applesauce pouch, he smiled warmly as he watched her snap open the lid and greedily suck out its flavorful contents. He enjoyed watching her eat, it was something she needed to do more of.

“Good girl,” he praised, handing her a second pouch before she was completely finished with the first, “eat up and then we will go back to sleep.”

Swallowing a mouthful of applesauce blended with strawberries, Rey shook her head and gave her abductor a quizzical look. Suddenly, she didn’t need sleep. Instead, she wanted answers to all of the questions that had been swirling around in her mind since she had woken up the first day in the bunker.

“Mmm...I was hoping that maybe we could talk, instead?” Rey asked, trying her best to ignore the critical voice in her head screaming at her to stop.

Pulling a chocolate chip protein bar from the pile of goodies, Kylo shrugged his weighty shoulders and cleared his throat. Although it made him slightly uncomfortable, he knew that this talk needed to happen. Rey deserved answers. He knew everything about her, it was only fair that she knew every sordid detail about him.

“Of course, my love,” Kylo purred, “I would love to talk with you...ask me anything.”

Rey took in a ragged breath and cracked open the second pouch of sauce. There was a real chance his answers would only terrify her more, but that was a risk she was willing to take. She needed a sense of closure before she could fully commit to taking her captor’s life.

“Why me?” Rey asked, staring directly into his dark eyes, “why did you take me against my will?”

Chewing on the smooth tissue of his inner cheek, Kylo carefully mulled over his love’s loaded question. There were a multitude of reasons why she captivated his attention, but only one that truly stood out. Leaning in close, he gave Rey a wild grin and offered the only explanation that mattered.

“Because, my love...you’re a monster. *Just like me.*”

Chapter End Notes

So? How are you feeling? Let me know your emotions down in the box below!!

Breath play is VERY serious. Obvi Kylo and Rey were incredibly careless in this chapter...please, if you choose to enjoy this kink (I happen to enjoy the hell out of it, personally), research how to do it safely and please practice it in real life safely.

Thank you for reading, I hope to see you back next update!! <3 <3 <3

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

Woah, an early update? Yeah, why not? It's a smaller update, but an update nonetheless!

I wanted to thank everyone that has encouraged me to continue Praxis. It's because of you that there is an update. Thank you for genuinely being invested in my tiny story. I hope you continue to enjoy where this crazy little fic goes.

To those hate reading this for the sole purpose of bashing me and my writing...please go to something productive with your time. Go for a walk, interact with your children, feed your plethora of animals, have an orgasm, go invest your time into improving your own damn writing. Do something worthwhile for fucks sake. Don't waste your life being a hateful, miserable person. Life is too short and karma is too big of a bitch.

Ok, now that that is out of the way...let's see what these crazy kids are up to, hmm?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Immediately pulling away from her captor, Rey shook her head and scoffed at his disgusting statement. A monster? No. He had it all wrong.

Are you sure about that? Her critical voice taunted.

Straightening her posture, Rey wrapped the blanket tighter against her shivering body and narrowed her angry eyes. Whatever Kylo thought he knew about her was a lie. They didn't share this bond. She was *nothing* like him.

"I'm *not* a monster," she stated with a hint of disdain.

Sensing his love building an emotional barrier, Kylo softened his features and reached out to brush an errant lock of chestnut hair from her face. Rey was still swimming in a deep well of denial. Didn't she realize he was there to set her free?

"There's nothing to be ashamed of, Sweetheart. You are what you are, accept yourself. There's no difference between you and a hunter that kills elephants for the thrill. You just happen to hunt different game," Kylo offered.

"I don't enjoy killing!" Rey quickly spat in defense.

Liar, liar, pants on fire...

Pausing a moment to give Rey time to reflect, Kylo took a bite of his protein bar and watched silently as a sea of conflicting emotions washed over her face. Although he knew it would be difficult for the girl to come to terms with her true nature, it was good that they were finally having this conversation. She was lucky to have him help her through this process.

"Well, perhaps not the first time...everyone knew that it was self-defense, Rey. Plutt was going to rape and murder you, you had no choice. That first kill was all survival, there's no denying that...but what about the second time? Or the third? Fourth...fifth? Those kills weren't in self-defense. You

tracked them... *you hunted them* ...and once they took your bait, you slaughtered them because you *wanted to*,” Kylo stated before moving his fingers under her chin and forcing her to meet his simmering gaze, “it’s ok, my love... *I understand*. I know what it’s like when you taste blood for the first time. It’s a craving that never goes away.”

Licking her lips nervously, Rey mentally tried her best to deny the words tumbling so effortlessly from her abductor’s mouth. She didn’t get any sick thrill out of killing, and she certainly never craved it. Every single life she had ever taken was out of necessity. They were horrible men that *deserved* to die. She was doing the world a favor by eliminating them. That was her only motivation.

“Now, I know what you’re thinking, Rey,” Kylo began, scooting himself closer to the girl on the mattress, “you’re trying to justify your actions, trying to ignore that part of yourself that came alive once you sliced your knife into their flesh. I know you’re excusing what you’ve done because the men you killed were abusers and rapists. They were scourges that were going to victimize more women if you didn’t step in, right? I know that narrative helps you sleep at night...but I also know that there’s more to it, my love...I’ve seen your face during and after a kill... *I know you enjoy every single moment*.”

Gasping lightly, Rey rapidly blinked her hazel eyes; completely dumbfounded over Kylo’s confession. It had been years since she had given into her temptation and carved another notch into her bedpost. Everything had changed the moment she met Poe Dameron. He showed her that there were *good* men still left in the world. He taught her how to love and how to trust. Through him, her bloodlust had been contained. Even in the very small chance that what Kylo was saying was true, none of it mattered now. She was a changed woman, that part of her no longer existed.

Then why are you looking forward to slitting Kylo’s throat, then? Hmm? Ms. “Changed Woman?” Admit it. You loved killing those pricks, Rey. Remember the fun we had? You can pretend that you haven’t missed the rush...that you haven’t wondered what it would feel like to give into temptation just one more time. A leopard doesn’t change their spots. Why are you being so hard headed? Kylo is our match...he understands us. Look at him! He’s everything we have always wanted...you know that Poe can’t give us what we want. Kylo can.

Silently growling at herself, Rey closed her eyes and tried her best to silence the crazed voice in her head. No. Kylo wasn’t her savior, he was a psychopath that she needed to kill. She couldn’t let herself be manipulated. Not by Kylo and certainly not by Sasha. As soon as he was dead, she would be back in Poe’s arms where she belonged; living her happy, normal existence once again. Finding pleasure in life, rather than death.

Uh huh. Right...you know that’s not what you want, Rey, the voice in her head teased, give in and let me out to play, again. Please?

SHUT UP, SASHA!! Rey screamed internally, fighting the urge to beat her fist against her skull.

Noticing an abrupt change in Rey’s body language, Kylo moved to cup his open palm against the side of her face and leaned in closer to catch her darting gaze. He knew exactly what was going on in that pretty little head of hers, she didn’t have to hide it from him.

“Hey,” his deep voice offered, “you should listen to *her*.”

Taken aback by her abductor’s odd comment, Rey narrowed her eyes and attempted to wiggle away from his warm touch. She must not have heard him correctly, no one knew about the voice screaming inside of her mind.

“What are you talking about?” Rey asked, giving Kylo a quizzical look, “listen to who?”

Quirking his head to the side, Kylo reluctantly dropped his hand and let out a sigh. Didn't she understand that she didn't need to pretend with him? He wasn't her enemy, he only wanted to set her free.

"You know who, Rey...that little voice in your head? The one screaming at you to let her out?" Kylo urged, "you don't have to pretend with me. Just listen to her... *please*."

"I...I don't know what you're talking about," Rey denied, her voice raising ever so slightly in anger.

Rey...would you just quit, already? You bloody drama queen...he knows you. He knows US. Give in to him...give into me. We could be so happy if you would ju--

Abruptly dismissing the voice of her alter ego, Rey shook her head and snapped herself back to reality. Now was not the time for her to have a breakdown and let Sasha take over. If she didn't stay in control, she would never escape. That was the ultimate goal, she reminded herself. Everything else was merely a distraction, which she could use in her favor if she played her cards right.

"You saw me, Kylo?" Rey asked, pretending that the last few minutes of conversation had never happened, "but...how? I was so careful."

Annoyed that Rey had changed the topic so nonchalantly, Kylo tossed his protein bar to the wooden nightstand next to the bed and settled his broad back against a row of wrinkled pillows. *Fine*, he thought. She could have it her way this time, but the conversation was far from over. For them to truly move forward with his plan, he knew that her little dark friend would have to emerge. He was far from giving up.

"Yes, you were careful, my love...very careful. You did everything right. You didn't know that I was watching you that night," Kylo said, giving her an assuring grin.

"And which night was that?" Rey asked, wondering how many incidences Kylo had witnessed.

"It was the night of your last kill...a little over two years ago, now, right? My...time flies, doesn't it? Well...I went to the club that night to just look, really...trying to find my next fix, I suppose...looking for another little brunette to scratch that nagging itch that never quite goes away. Anyway, it didn't take me long to find you. How could I not be drawn to you? You looked like such a perfect little slut in that purple dress that barely covered your ass...with those bright red lips and your hair in those messy waves that drive me wild. The hair you get after you've just been *fucked*... hmm, like how your hair looks right now, actually," Kylo purred, lifting his hand to tug the curl gracing Rey's shoulder, "you were *exactly* what I was looking for."

Rey's eye line drifted to Kylo's fingers as he played with her tangled locks; her chaotic mind drifting back to the night in question. She remembered that kill vividly. Partly because it was her last, and partly because it had left her so completely unsatisfied. Eight long weeks worth of hard work to ensnare her mark into her deadly web, only to have the prick die far too quickly and painlessly. Knowing that Kylo had seen *that* kill made the bitter taste still left in her mouth that much worse.

"So," Kylo began again, clearing his throat, "I knew you were my girl as I watched you sip your fruity drink in the corner...your little head bobbing along to that God awful techno music. You know, I could tell there was something different about you right away, but I couldn't quite put my finger on it. It intrigued me enough that I started to approach you, actually...but then I saw Hux slink his way behind you...fucking *Armitage Hux* of all people--"

"Wait," Rey interrupted, "you knew Hux? How?"

“We worked together,” Kylo said simply.

“You...you worked for Snoke, too?” Rey asked, suppressing a shiver from racing down her spine.

Only offering her a nod in response, Kylo steered the topic back to Hux. They would talk about Snoke another time, he reasoned.

“I was so fucking pissed when I saw him touch you, Rey...you have no idea how badly I wanted to rip his head from his body...but I was bound by my oath, so I just watched. I watched him kiss you...I watched him reach his hand up under your skirt to touch your bare little cunt. I could tell he was awful at that, by the way...you looked *so* bored. That made me feel a little better, I’ll admit...but... *fuck* ...it took all of my strength not to steal you away from him.”

Watching Kylo’s full lips move as he continued to ramble on, Rey was suddenly transported back to that fateful night in the overcrowded nightclub. She could feel Hux’s clammy hand as it clumsily fumbled its way towards the apex between her thighs. She could smell the acrid musk of his overpriced cologne stinging her nostrils. She could hear his shrill voice scream over the pounding bass that he wanted to ‘*take her back into the alley and fuck her so hard she wouldn’t be able to walk afterwards*’.

Rey hadn’t planned on killing him that night, but Hux made things too easy and she couldn’t stop Sasha from seizing the opportunity. Before she knew what was happening, she found herself straddling the ginger in the back of his black Jaguar XJ, listening to him demand that she suck his cock or he would throw her on the next ship to Thailand. According to Hux, she needed to ‘*learn how to be a proper little whore*.’ She might have been able to keep her rabid personality in check if he hadn’t have slapped her across the face after she refused. Unfortunately for the prick, that was all it took for her to unleash her fury. Not allowing Hux any time to react, Rey had yanked her Stiletto switchblade from her bra and slashed him across the throat; a clean, crimson line ripping him open ear to ear. Regrettably, that first cut had nicked his artery, causing him to bleed out far too quickly. It was a botched kill. One that would forever haunt her.

“God you were beautiful,” Kylo continued, not realizing Rey had zoned out for most of his monologue, “watching your face as you stabbed him over and over again after you cut his throat. Fuck, it made me so hard, Rey...the way his blood splattered all over you...mmm, I’ll never forget it as long as I live. You were so feral and uninhibited, my love. I’ve never seen anything as mesmerizing as you were in that moment. It was then that I knew why I was drawn to you. Fate brought us together that night for a reason, Sweetheart. *We’re destined to be together.*”

Rey squeezed her eyes tightly shut and moved her fingertips to massage her throbbing temples. This was far too much information for her to process all at once, there were too many suppressed emotions suddenly bubbling to the surface. She was not equipped to face her inner demons, especially not *with* a demon hovering over her.

“Please...I can’t...I can’t do this right now,” Rey said with a whimper.

Furrowing his brow, Kylo wrapped his strong arms around the trembling girl and pulled her onto his lap. He hadn’t meant to cause her distress, he was just so excited to finally tell her about that night. Obviously, Rey wasn’t ready to accept what she was. He would have to ease her into things. It was alright, he mused, they still had time before he needed to put his plan for Snoke into action.

“Shhh...it’s ok...you’re alright,” Kylo purred, nuzzling his lips against the crown of her head, “I took care of the cleanup for you. Snoke still has no idea and the police are clueless. See how much I love you, Rey? I’ll never let anything happen to you. Please don’t worry...here, let’s go back to sleep,

hmm? In the morning we'll go into town and just enjoy the day together. How does that sound?"

Burrowing her colorless face into the crook of Kylo's neck, Rey nodded her head and choked back a sob. Whatever he had planned for her wasn't going to work. She wasn't a murderer, anymore. She was a good girl with a stable life filled with loving people. Kylo wasn't going to twist her mind. She would find a way to escape once they were in town. He couldn't have her.

Not now, not ever.

Chapter End Notes

Ok...so...the question of Rey's past has been answered. Poor girl is falling apart. She's no longer able to really compartmentalize and this Sasha personality? Oh, lawd...I wonder how Rey is going to make it out of this mentally and physically intact.

Hmm...I also wonder what Kylo has planned for Snoke. Will we even get that far before Rey makes her move? Hmm...so many new questions, I guess we will just have to see what happens!!

I hope you all have a wonderful weekend, thank you for reading.

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Hi, my Dark Darlings!!

Oh, yay! An update on a Friday! Again! I know...you're welcome, lol. No but really, I'm done with it so I figured why not? Have you guys start your weekend off right! I do hope you like this chapter, it's a long one.

I also just want to mention that for the majority of the chapter, I'm was the only editor. So if you happen to see any grammatical/spelling errors...they're all on me. I just got to the point where I just couldn't look at it a moment longer. You know the drill. BUT if you do see anything...I hope they don't distract you from the actual story.

OH!! Before I forget, another SW's character might be popping in this chapter...just sayin'.

Alright...let's get to it. Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Rey settled herself into the passenger seat of Kylo's black SUV, her tired eyes tracking her abductor as he made his way towards the driver's side. She had found herself unable to sleep after his bombshell of a confession and was now feeling the ramifications. For a split second, she thought about asking Kylo to leave her behind so she could rest and try to regain her energy. That thought was short lived, however, once she realized that he had given her the perfect opportunity to escape. All she needed was the tiniest window and she would be gone.

Surely he wouldn't be stupid enough to put up a fight in public, Rey reasoned.

Opening the frozen door to his Mercedes, Kylo slinked his large form onto the driver's seat and quickly pushed the SUV's ignition switch. Shutting the door with a curse, he turned to the girl and offered a loving smile as the vehicle's heater roared to life. Even with dark circles under her hazel eyes and her chestnut hair wrapped into a messy bun, Rey was the most radiant thing he had ever seen. They hadn't spoken much since their heavy conversation but she seemed to be in good spirits. It pleased him to know that she was slowly coming around.

"We'll just let her warm up for a few minutes before we head down," Kylo said, rubbing his bare hands together.

Turning her attention towards the defrosting windshield, Rey arched a brow and surveyed the winter wonderland surrounding the new Mercedes. There was at least six inches of fresh snow covering the gravel driveway. Perhaps heading into town wasn't the smartest decision, the last thing she needed was to freeze to death alongside a homicidal maniac if they became stuck.

"Are you sure it's safe for us to leave?" She asked, genuinely concerned.

With a nod, Kylo let out a small laugh and reached over to cover Rey's hand with his own.

"You have nothing to worry about, Sweetheart...I'm an excellent driver," Kylo offered, giving her

cold fingers an assuring squeeze.

Pursing her cracked lips together, Rey hummed a reply; not comforted in the least by his words.

“No, really,” Kylo said, moving his calloused hand to rest against Rey’s cheek, “I won’t let anything happen to you. Trust me, Rey... *just trust me.*”

Leaning slightly into his touch, Rey lifted her gaze to meet Kylo’s dark stare. He had a look of absolute sincerity on his handsome face that she hadn’t seen before. Instantly she knew that what he was saying was absolutely true, she was safe in his presence. It was a sudden awareness that caused her heart to skip and a million butterflies to fill her core; the same feeling she remembered the first time she realized she was falling in love with Poe.

Fuck, Rey thought, terrified of the new hurdle placed directly in her path.

Fuck, indeed, Sasha taunted inside her mind, *I must say...your plan is going rather smoothly, Rey. Bravo.*

Doing her best to ignore the bitch in her head, Rey grinned at her captor and gave him a small nod.

“Ok,” she said in an almost whisper, “I...I trust you.”

Grinning in triumph, Kylo bent over the SUV’s center console and placed a tender kiss upon Rey’s parted lips. It thrilled him to no end to hear her meaningful admission. Her stone wall was finally tumbling down, this moment had been worth the excruciating long wait. She was his. *Finally.*

“Good,” he breathed, brushing his mouth over hers once more before pulling away.

Licking the remnants of the kiss from her lips, Rey kept her focus on Kylo as he sat back in his leather seat and readied the vehicle to leave. She was skating on extremely thin ice. Why the fuck was she feeling this way now, when she was so close to her goal?

He’s the enemy, Rey, she repeated to herself again and again, *you don’t love him.*

Oh...if only that were true, Sasha teased from the corner of her mind.

Shut up, Sasha! Nothing has changed...absolutely nothing, Rey spat in defense.

God, you are pathetic, Rey...but ok, keep telling yourself that, Sasha offered with a dark laugh.

Unaware of his lover’s inner turmoil, Kylo gave her one last, warm glance before putting the SUV into drive and easing it down the snowy driveway. Although the conditions were less than ideal, he knew he would be able to make it into town safely without any problems. After all, he had precious cargo in his possession he needed to take care of.

“You know,” he began, clearing his throat, “it will probably take us about forty-five minutes to get into town. Why don’t you close those beautiful eyes of yours and take a nap?”

“Hmm?” Rey mumbled, suddenly blinking herself back into the present, “what? What did you say, Kylo?”

Keeping his eye line glued to the slick driveway, Kylo let out a worried sigh and tightly gripped the steering wheel. As much as he would love to hear Rey scream his name all night long, they would definitely be turning in early. It was apparent that the girl was more sleep deprived than he originally thought.

“I know you’re exhausted, Sweetheart...please get some rest,” Kylo urged as they crossed the property line of the ranch and merged onto the main road.

Wiggling her stiff back against the comfortable passenger seat, Rey allowed her heavy eyes to drift to the side mirror gracing her door. Noticing a rusted, metal sign pass over the reflective glass, she instantly took stock of the backwards letters; forcing her mind to place them in the correct order again and again until they made sense.

Sky w Ranch. Skywkr Ranch. Skywalker Ranch.

Skywalker Ranch.

“Mmm...yeah, you’re right...I should,” Rey agreed, not wanting her abductor to suspect that she had just learned where he was keeping her, “I didn’t sleep much last night.”

“I know and I’m sorry about that. Now, close your eyes and take a cat nap, my love...I’ll wake you when we get to the restaurant. I figured we would have breakfast before running the other errands,” Kylo purred.

Mumbling something unintelligible, Rey followed Kylo’s instructions and allowed her eyelids to flutter down. Sleep was a precious commodity and she couldn’t let this opportunity pass her by. For Rey to escape, she needed as much strength as she could muster.

Pushing out a long yawn, Rey eagerly surrendered to her body’s overwhelming exhaustion. Counting backwards from thirty, she quickly found herself being pulled from reality and into the hazy realm of slumber.

Her last coherent thought being of Kylo and how beautiful his broken heart would look in her bloodied hands.

“Sweetheart...we’re here, time to wake up,” Kylo said softly, trying to ease the girl from her sleep.

Rey moaned, sudden annoyance filling her wakening mind. Of course they would arrive just as soon as her dream was becoming interesting. Opening her eyes, Rey righted herself in her seat and looked around at her new surroundings. Instantly she knew she had never been to this town before, if you could even call it that. It was merely a single, dilapidated road with an ancient diner and gas station on one side, a tiny mercantile grocery store and coffee shop on the other. No wonder Kylo wasn’t nervous about taking her out in public. They were still out in the middle of nowhere.

“Where are we?” Rey asked, her voice froggy with sleep.

“Town,” Kylo offered without further explanation, “now I know this place doesn’t look like much, but they make the most amazing blueberry pancakes. I know how much you love those, Rey...I’ll make sure to order you a large stack.”

Undoing her tight seatbelt, Rey couldn’t stop her stomach from rumbling at the mere mention of warm food. Applesauce pouches and granola bars were great, but she definitely needed more sustenance. A carb filled meal was exactly what she needed to fuel up her energy reserves.

“That sounds lovely, I’m starving,” she said honestly, moving to open her car door.

“Wait,” Kylo stated, reaching into the front pocket of his dark indigo jeans, “I almost forgot...here, give me your left hand.”

Obedying her captor's command, Rey held out her left hand; a look of confused curiosity falling over the features of her face as he placed a delicate, gold band on her ring finger.

"What--" Rey began.

"If anyone asks," Kylo said, cutting off Rey's sentence, "we're married. I'm Jon and you're Emily. We're here on our honeymoon. Try not to say much, though...that's my job. Is that understood, Rey?"

Unable to verbalize a response, Rey nodded and watched Kylo intently as he placed a similar band on his own ring finger. Married? Sure. Just two crazed murderers out a honeymoon holiday in the middle of the arctic wilderness. As if things couldn't get any more bizarre.

"Good girl," Kylo praised before exiting the SUV and walking to the passenger side to help Rey out of the vehicle.

Taking Kylo's hand, Rey carefully stepped next to her captor as they wove through the icy parking lot; her eyes desperately searching for any clue as to where they were. Five cars were parked nearby, but each had license plates from different states. None of the businesses had chain store names, she realized, apart from the gas station which sold "Mobil" gas.

That really narrows it down, Rey thought bitterly to herself before Kylo opened the door to the "Grizzly Bear Diner" and ushered her inside.

Giving her eyes time to adjust to the bright interior of the classic 50's diner, Rey moved to the side of the waiting area and allowed Kylo to step in front of her. Before long, they were greeted by a tall, slim woman with lavender hair; the name *Amilyn* etched onto the bear shaped name tag pinned to her white uniform. Although the older woman had a stern face, Rey instantly knew there was something trustworthy about her. It made her heartbeat quicken with hope.

"Just the two of you?" Amilyn asked, giving the attractive couple a once over.

"Yep, just us," Kylo replied, taking Rey's hand once again.

Offering them a quick nod, Amilyn grabbed two plastic menus from her podium and urged them to follow her to a booth in the center of the diner. Setting the menus down on the rectangular table, she arched an elegant brow and glanced back and forth between the pair as they took their seat. It wasn't often that such a handsome couple came into the restaurant. Perhaps her day wasn't going to be so dull after all.

"Can I get you two something to drink?" She asked with an almost forced smile.

"Two coffees," Kylo answered immediately, "one black, one with cream and sugar."

"You've got it, I'll come back with the coffees and take your order," Amilyn offered before leaving the pair alone.

Tracking the waitress as she walked behind the metal bar, Rey wiggled out of her puffy winter coat and tossed it on the bench seat beside her. Quickly taking stock of the sparse diner, she noticed only three other patrons gracing the space. Directly behind Kylo sat an elderly couple, bickering with one another over the thickness of their overcooked bacon. Off to her right, was a young teen perched on a rickety barstool, hunched over his cell phone and shoveling scrambled eggs into his mouth. It was very apparent to Rey that no one in the restaurant was equipped to help her escape. If she was going to do this, she could only rely on herself and herself alone; something she wasn't sure she could once she caught how hungrily Kylo was staring at her.

“Mmm...it smells good in here,” Rey said, distracting herself by picking up her menu and glancing over the various items, “do you know what you’re going to order, *Jon* ?”

Tilting his head to the side, Kylo raised a dark brow and licked his lips before answering the girl’s question. He was definitely hungry, but not for anything on the menu.

“Well, I want to eat *you* but I think they would kick us out if I tried,” Kylo purred cheekily, “so that feast will have to wait until we get home.”

Dropping her menu to the table, Rey brought her hazel eyes to Kylo’s and tried to ignore the sudden flush burning her cheeks. *Shit*, she thought, did he just have to say that?

Oh, let him, Rey, Sasha pleaded, c’mon just one last fuck before we slice his throat...please? You know you’re going to miss that cock once its gone.

Pushing the annoying voice to the back of her mind, Rey swallowed hard and brought her hand to nervously play with the black turtleneck hugging her bruised throat. There was no way she could allow that to happen, no matter how badly she wanted it to.

Smirking at the blushing girl, Kylo gave her a small wink before turning his attention to Amilyn slinking her way towards their booth. It was good that the regular waitress wasn’t there, he mused. They wouldn’t be at the cabin long and he didn’t want to draw any unnecessary attention with this little outing. Everything was working in his favor.

Amilyn grinned warmly as she plunked two steaming mugs of coffee and a small ceramic creamer down upon the sticky table. Removing her notepad and pen from her black apron, she took in a breath and gave the couple her undivided attention.

“Alright...two coffees and some cream! Sugar is in the container by the salt and pepper shakers,” she said motioning to the far end of the table, “do you guys have any questions or are you ready to order?”

“I think we’re ready...right, Sweetheart?” Kylo asked.

“Yes, I’m ready,” Rey agreed, “I...ugh...I’d like a large stack of blueberry pancakes...extra syrup and butter...and a double order of bacon and eggs over easy.”

Making a surprised face, Amilyn quickly scribbled Rey’s order on her notepad. She never would’ve guessed such a svelte girl could have that big of an appetite.

“Trying to get some energy before hitting the slopes, hmm?” The waitress asked.

“No, actually,” Kylo cut in, “we’re just getting some things from the store and then we’re headed back home.”

“You’re not skiing?” Amilyn asked, “but the weather is perfect right now.”

“Yeah...well, we have other things planned for our honeymoon,” Kylo stated suggestively.

Gasping excitedly, the waitress beamed at the couple. Young love always made her so happy to see.

“Congratulations, you love birds!” Amilyn said, her voice lifting two octaves higher than normal, “oh, honey...no wonder you look exhausted. You’re a lucky girl!”

Rey blinked at the waitress and resisted the urge to scoff at her presumptuous statement. Oh, yes. She

was such a lucky girl. Held captive by a lunatic. So lucky, indeed.

“Actually, *I’m* the lucky one,” Kylo chirped, taking Rey’s menu, “pancakes aren’t the only thing she’s hungry for, if you know what I mean.”

Letting out an airy laugh, the waitress turned her clear blue eyes to Rey and gave her a knowing look. Although the girl seemed completely mortified, Amilyn wanted her to know that she completely understood and didn’t judge her one bit. She was once young and in love, herself.

“Well just as long as you two are enjoying your honeymoon, that’s all that matters,” she said with a nod, “so...back to the food. What would you like to order, Sir?”

“I’ll have the T-bone steak and eggs. Rare and over easy, please,” Kylo stated, handing the waitress the menus.

“Perfect, I’ll get these in...shouldn’t be too long. As you can tell, the cook isn’t swamped back there,” Amilyn said with a roll of her eyes before turning on her high heels and heading towards the kitchen.

Waiting until Amilyn was out of earshot, Rey furrowed her brow and gave Kylo’s shin a sharp kick under the table.

“Hey!” Kylo yelled, narrowing his dark eyes, “what was that for?”

“You know *exactly* what that was for,” Rey hissed, folding her arms over her chest.

Holding up his hands in mock surrender, Kylo smirked cockily and leaned slightly over the table. Although he loved it when Rey asserted herself, he didn’t want her to be too upset with him over something so trivial.

“Alright, alright, I’m sorry...I truly am...please forgive me, my love?”

Glaring at her abductor, Rey pursed her dry lips together and shook her head ‘no.’ *Hell no*, she would never forgive him. Not just for this little shenanigan, but for all of it. Even if she did harbor some twisted feelings towards him. There was no redemption for the devil currently giving her puppy dog eyes.

Hmm...kinda like how you won’t even forgive yourself? Sasha taunted.

“Have you been here before?” Rey asked, abruptly changing both conversations.

Picking up his brown coffee mug, Kylo nodded and took a sip of the bitter hot liquid.

“Yeah...I’ve been coming here off and on since I was a kid.”

“Oh?” Rey asked, doctoring her own coffee with a splash of cream and two sugar packets, “so you know the waitress, then?”

“Nope...haven’t seen her before in my life. Which is perfect, actually...but the cook, on the other hand...I know him real well,” Kylo said, glancing to the opened window between the kitchen and the bar.

Following his gaze, Rey looked toward the window and locked her eyes on the man working in the kitchen. An older gentleman, perhaps in his mid-fifties. Surly and dirty looking, with a deep scowl on his face that made him look like every mob villain Rey had ever seen on tv. Clearly, the man

wasn't happy working behind the greasy cooktop.

"Looks like he's having a hard day," Rey muttered, bringing her coffee to her lips.

"Hard day? Nah, I wouldn't worry about him. Tony's life isn't too rough. Now his *wife's* life, on the other hand...her life is the hard one," Kylo stated, his voice low so only Rey could hear.

"What do you mean?" Rey asked, leaning in to listen.

Shrugging his broad shoulders, Kylo placed his mug on the table top and surveyed his love. There was a method to his madness. Hopefully Rey would take his bait. He would love to see her play, again.

"Well...you see. Tony has a little bit of a drug habit, but not a lot of money...so when he can't get his drugs, he likes to take it out on his sweet wife. He's put her in the hospital six times, already. Cops want to lock him up but she's dropped the charges every single time. Says she loves him too much and that he will never do it again. It's a lie, though...and everyone knows it. Tony's never going to stop beating her...she's going to die soon, Sweetheart. He will kill her next time."

Ohhhhh...he beats his wife? Did you hear that, Rey? Something ought to be done about this lowlife, Sasha quipped from the back of Rey's mind.

Frowning at her captor, Rey gripped her ceramic mug and slammed a mental door in her alter ego's face. She knew exactly what both Kylo and Sasha wanted her to do but she would be damned if she fell for the sob story. There was only one life she was going to allow herself to ever take, and it sure as Hell wasn't the cook's.

"Pity," she muttered, taking another sip of her sweetened coffee.

Noticing the girl's lack of enthusiasm, Kylo pushed out a loud breath and leaned back in his seat.

"Well...we'll be here for a few days, maybe it'll give us something to think about, hmm?"

Replying with a shit eating grin, Rey couldn't help but feel triumphant as she watched utter annoyance dance across Kylo's face. He really thought one little mention of some random man beating his wife would make her revert to her old ways? Obviously, he didn't know her as well as he thought he did.

"We're only going to be here for a few days? So where will be going to next?" Rey asked, curious to know Kylo's agenda.

Chewing on the soft flesh of his inner cheek, Kylo paused a moment and thought over his answer carefully. He knew he needed to be vague with the girl, but didn't necessarily want to lie to her. She did have a right to know what her future entailed.

"Back home...there are some loose ends that need to be taken care of and I have some business to attend to," he stated evenly.

"Business? Does this *business* involve Snoke?" Rey asked, her voice shaking ever so slightly.

"Yes," Kylo began, deciding that he did need to be forthright with this information, "it does...but like I said, he won't hurt you, Rey. I won't allow him to."

"You're talking as if I will be going with you to see him," Rey offered nervously, "please tell me I'm not."

Kylo stared silently at Rey, a mask of false indifference forming over his handsome face. He didn't want to take her to Snoke, but the situation was out completely out of his hands.

"Well I'm not going!" Rey spat, "you can just fuc—"

"You don't have a choice!" Kylo hissed angrily, his deep voice hovering above a whisper, *"WE don't have a choice! Now, please...you said you trust me so just...just fucking trust me, will you?"*

Narrowing her eyes, Rey sat ramrod straight in her seat and defiantly folded her arms over her chest. She didn't understand why Kylo's plan was rubbing her the wrong way, it's not like he would live long enough to see it through.

Because, Rey...if Kylo plans on taking you to see Snoke, that means Snoke already knows about you. Do you see the problem, now? Kill Kylo and Snoke will definitely go after you...OR...you can let Kylo live and be protected from Snoke. Hmm...seems like a no brainer to me...but what do I know, right? Sasha offered.

Letting out a sigh, Rey raised her right hand and pinched the bridge of her nose between her middle finger and thumb. Things were going to get messy, no matter what. She was damned if she did and damned if she didn't. Why were things always so bloody difficult?

"Fine," Rey said.

Giving the girl a curt nod, Kylo picked up his mug and polished off the rest of the coffee. God how he hated fighting with her. Why did she have to be so stubborn?

"Good girl...now, can we just try to have a nice day? Please?"

"Yes, *husband* ," Rey mumbled.

"Mmm...I will admit, I do love having you call me that," Kylo said before letting his steely gaze move behind Rey, "oh...heads up, Sweetheart. Breakfast is here."

Balancing three full plates of fragrant food in her arms, Amilyn carefully walked towards the newlywed couple with a small smile on her face.

"Ok, love birds...let's see..we've got steak and eggs for the mister...blueberry pancakes with extra syrup and butter and a double order of eggs and bacon for the misses," the waitress stated, setting the various plates in front of Kylo and Rey, "would you guys like some more coffee?"

"Yes, please," Kylo and Rey both said, at the same time.

Snickering to herself, Amilyn looked back and forth between the pair. It warmed her heart to see a couple so in sync. They probably finish each other's sentences too, she thought to herself.

"Aww...you two really are made for each other, aren't you? So adorable...ok, I'll be right back with that coffee!" She offered before taking her leave.

Picking up his fork and knife, Kylo began to cut his steak into bite sized chunks; thoroughly happy with the waitress' statement.

"See? Even a stranger can tell we're meant to be," he said, shoveling a forkful of meat and runny eggs into his mouth.

Not daring to make eye contact with her captor, Rey doused her blueberry pancakes in warm syrup

and muttered something sharp under her breath. She doubted the waitress would be so enthusiastic if she knew the true nature of their relationship.

“What was that?” Kylo asked between bites of his breakfast.

Reluctantly lifting her eye line, Rey plastered a smile on her face and shrugged her slight shoulders.

“I just said that you’re right...everyone can see how I feel about you,” Rey said flatly before slicing through her pancakes with the edge of her fork.

Swallowing a mouthful of food, Kylo silently watched his love as she began to eat bits and pieces of her hearty meal. He didn’t quite care for her tone, but wasn’t going to start another tiff over it. It was something he simply needed to take note of and monitor. If he needed to redirect Rey’s attitude before they went back home, then so be it.

Feeling the uncomfortable heat of Kylo’s gaze, Rey took a bite of crispy bacon and pulled her attention to the waitress returning to their booth. She didn’t quite care for the evil glint in her captor’s eyes, it gave her the much needed reminder that he was a dangerous man. She needed to get the hell away from him, the sooner the better. There had to be a way for her to alert the woman of her situation. There just had to be.

Stepping back to the table, Amilyn began the process of filling up Rey and Kylo’s empty coffee mugs. There was tension in the air between the newlyweds she hadn’t felt only a minute prior that made the hair on the back of her neck stand up on end. Knowing that it wasn’t her place to say anything, she simply pursed her lips into a tight grin and walked over to attend to the elderly couple sitting in the next booth.

Keeping her hazel eyes glued on Amilyn, Rey ignored Kylo for a moment and focused her attention on the seemingly mundane conversation between the trio.

“Can you believe this snow?” Amilyn asked, shaking her head in annoyance, “I mean...I know we are in the mountains but geeze!”

“Oh, I know,” bickered the elderly woman, “it has snowed so much up by our place that our cable and internet have been down for *days*. I’m so mad...I’ve missed four episodes of my General Hospital, already! I’m dying to see if Liz and Franco got married.”

“You and that damn soap opera,” chimned in the elderly husband.

“Oh, shut up Barney. Anyways,” she began, turning her full attention to the waitress, “at least we still have the radio...speaking of, did you hear that news conference this morning? The one about the missing woman? The one that was kidnapped?”

Instantly perking, Rey kept her ears open but dropped her eyes to her plate and continued to pick at her breakfast as if she hadn’t heard a thing. *Fuck*, she thought, they *had* to be talking about her.

“It’s so sad,” continued the elderly woman, “her boyfriend talked after the police gave their shpiel...I mean, I feel so bad for the guy. It even sounded like he was crying. Just pleading for whoever had his girlfriend, to just let her go. He was so heartbroken...even just listening to his voice I could tell he loves her so much. I just can’t imagine. Our World is going to Hell in a handbasket, I swear!”

Taking in a sudden breath, Rey gripped her fork tighter between her fingers and stabbed a piece of pancake. Yes, they *were* talking about her. Police were looking for her. *Poe was looking for her*. He still loved her and he wanted her *home*.

Curious to know if Kylo had overheard what she had, Rey slowly lifted her gaze towards her captor's angular face. Meeting his wild eyes, Rey instantly knew he had heard every single word. Kylo had a look on his countenance that chilled her to the bone. One that she knew was meant to threaten her with something hideous if she dared to open her mouth.

Seething in sudden anger, Kylo leaned his large body over the table towards Rey. He wanted to make sure the girl paid attention to him and not the ridiculous conversation in the booth behind him. He should have killed Poe when he had the chance, it was a mistake he wasn't going to make twice.

"You know, on second thought," Kylo hissed through gritted teeth, "I think we will head back home tomorrow. Those *loose ends* need to be tied immediately. Hurry up and finish your breakfast, Sweetheart. We're heading back to the cabin as soon as you're done."

Swallowing hard, Rey nodded once in acknowledgment and dropped her fork to take a drink of her coffee. *Holy fuck*, she screamed internally, he's going to kill Poe.

Actually, Sasha quipped, *I think he's going to make you do it, Rey.*

Agreeing with the voice in her head for once, Rey dropped her mug to the table and licked her chapped lips nervously. Yes, that was exactly what he intended to happen. He was going to make her kill Poe and prove herself. She couldn't let that happen, there was no way she could murder the man that *truly* loved her. She needed to make a break for it, and quickly. If she ran as fast as she could, she might make it to the grocery store before Kylo knew what was happening. Freedom was right in her grasp, *she needed to take it.*

"I think I'm full," Rey said, scooting herself to the edge of her seat, "I just need to go pee before we leave...I'll be right back and then we can go."

Seeing right through the girl's paper thin plan, Kylo pulled himself from his seat; effectively blocking Rey from stepping away from their table. Did she honestly think she could get away so easily? Had she not learned anything about him in all of this time?

"Here," Kylo offered, taking the girl by the elbow, "I'll walk you."

"You really don't have to," Rey countered, trying to wrench her arm free, "I know where it is."

Kylo glared at Rey and slowly shook his head, "I'll walk you."

Not giving the girl a moment to protest, Kylo turned down the main aisle of the diner; his steps slow and steady as he waited for Rey to catch up behind him. Anger was causing his vision to run blood red and he could feel the metallic taste of adrenaline fill his mouth. Rey was lucky he loved her so much. That love was the only thing stopping him at that moment from strangling the life from her body. How dare she even *think* of running from him?

Quickly catching up to her captor, Rey frantically looked towards the patrons and waitress; hoping that they would notice something odd about her interaction with Kylo. To her dismay, no one seemed to pay them any mind. They were too wrapped up in their own little worlds.

Think, Rey, think, she repeated to herself. There had to be something she could do.

Following Kylo as he rounded the corner next to the entrance, Rey noticed a pen lying on the wooden podium in the waiting area. Making sure Kylo wasn't looking, Rey swiped the writing utensil and crammed it into the back pocket of her jeans in a single, smooth motion. Perhaps if she just left a note of some kind, help would arrive before they left the cabin.

Pushing the door to the womens restroom open, Kylo motioned Rey to enter with an agitated flick of his head.

“Go. I’ll wait for you right here,” Kylo said, his face gravely serious.

“Sure...ok,” Rey agreed, stepping into the restroom and giving Kylo an overly loving look right before he closed the door.

Swearing a line of obscenities, Rey ran to the first stall and quickly slammed and locked the metal door behind her. Reaching for the flimsy toilet paper roll, she tore off a piece of length and placed it down on the top of the porcelain toilet. Yanking the pen from her pocket, she took in a cleansing breath and began to scribble a note.

Help me.

My name is Rey Kenobi.

That man is not my husband.

He has kidnapped me and is holding me against my will.

He is keeping me at Skywalker Ranch.

Send help quickly.

Please. You’re my only hope.

Hearing a quick rapp on the door to the restroom, Rey flushed the toilet and picked up her note. Her brain was running a million miles a second. This plan was going to work, she encouraged herself. Surely someone had to wash the bathrooms on a daily basis. They would find her note and send help. Everything was going to be ok.

Exiting the dingy stall, Rey frantically looked around the small space for somewhere to place her hastily written plea. Deciding that it would most likely be noticed on the sink, she walked over to the circular sink and draped the length of toilet paper over its metal faucet. Saying a silent prayer, Rey smoothed her hands along the black fabric covering her torso and made her way out of the restroom.

Intently watching the girl as she left the ladies room, Kylo held out his arm and handed Rey her warm puffy coat.

“Here, put this on. I just paid. It’s time to go, Sweetheart,” he said without further explanation.

Gulping audibly, Rey took her coat from her captor and followed his simple direction. Zipping the oversized jacket closed, she followed behind Kylo as they headed towards the front entrance to the diner. Giving the vintage restaurant one last look over, Rey found the waitress wiping down the booth she had been sitting at only minutes prior. In one single, fleeting moment, her watering eyes met Amilyn’s. Unable to verbalize her thoughts, Rey let her nervous face do the talking for her. Trying to give the woman some sort of silent clue, Rey quirked her head towards the restroom just as Kylo grabbed her arm and forced her from the diner.

Kylo's pissed. This should be fun, right?

What did you think? Please let me know in the box below...I really love hearing your thoughts. Y'all are amazing with your feedback, and you often give me things to think about that I hadn't considered so...that's always thrilling for me!!

OK...SO...next chapter is THE chapter. It's going to take me some time to write. Don't expect an update next week...but whenever that notification pops up in your email, just know I have done my best to make it worth the wait.

Speaking of notifications...I'm no longer announcing updates on tumblr (for obvious reasons) so if you like my story and want to know as soon as I update-make sure you're subscribed!

Also...this is totally random...I've noticed a trend of fic writers (among multiple fandoms, not exclusive to Reylo) are now doing that Ko-Fi thing. How do you feel about that? I'm genuinely interested to know how readers feel about it!

Have a lovely weekend, I'll see you in the comments and with the next BIG update!! <3
<3 <3

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

Hello my Dark Darlings!

Well...the end is finally here. Are you ready? Grab yourself a drink, lol...

Let's go!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Are you going to say anything?” Rey asked, turning her head to look at Kylo for the first time since he had viciously shoved her into the SUV.

Chewing on the tip of his tongue, Kylo kept his gaze centered on the snowy road ahead and tightened his grip on the steering wheel. What did Rey want him to say? He doubted she wanted to know that he had spent the last forty minutes fantasizing about killing her. He was sure she didn't want to know how he dreamt of using his contained rage to fuck her into oblivion, that he wanted to make her scream his name again and again until he felt her tight little cunt squeeze around his cock. Rey certainly didn't want to know that he imagined taking an ice pick and piercing her deceiving heart at the exact moment her body shattered.

He could see it so clearly in his mind's eye, effortlessly thrusting the sharp length of metal just below her perfect left tit. Finding that sweet spot between her ribs where her heart lay vulnerable to his expert hands. In his lurid dream, he could hear her moan in both pleasure and pain as she peaked and passed almost simultaneously; her flushed face freezing so beautifully in a mixture of confusion and bliss. Rey would stay perfectly his for all of eternity this way, staining his soul with her cum and blood. It would be a fitting death for his love, he wistfully mused.

No. Rey didn't want him to say what he was truly thinking.

“You're mine, Rey,” Kylo offered instead, his voice low and menacing, “no matter what happens, *you will always be mine.*”

Swallowing hard, Rey nervously licked her lips and fought to control her surging heartbeat. *Shit*, she thought, that didn't sound promising at all.

You fucked up, royally, Sasha teased, *if you just would've listened to me, you wouldn't be in this predicament right now. You really ought to let me take control once we get back to the cabin, Rey.*

Silencing the bitch in her head, Rey carefully watched her abductor as he let go of the steering wheel and reached over the center console for her hand. Lacing her shaking fingers between his, she found herself suddenly feeling remorse for leaving the note in the bathroom. It didn't matter how hard she fought, Kylo was right. She was his.

“I know,” she said.

“Good,” he replied, lifting her hand to his lips and kissing her dry knuckles, “it's up to you how you would like to proceed, Sweetheart. I'm giving you a choice. You can either trust me and let me guide you...or you can resist me and lose. Decide carefully, my love.”

Nodding her head in acknowledgement of her captor's request, Rey dropped her gaze to her lap and took in a wavering breath. At that moment, she had no idea which path to take. Just as she began to feel one way, Kylo would find a way to sway her to the other side. He was toying with her thoughts and emotions and she was crumbling in the process. She was in a no win situation.

Releasing the girl's hand, Kylo gave her a searing glance before turning his attention back to the mountain road. He hoped she would choose correctly, the thought of turning his most recent fantasy into a reality left him with a bitter taste in his mouth.

"We're almost at the cabin...when we get there, I will be shackling you. I hate to do it, but you've left me no other choice," Kylo muttered.

An ice cold chill ran down Rey's spine as she recalled the feeling of the sharp metal shackles biting into the skin of her ankles and wrists. If she allowed him to tie her up, she would be in a world of hurt once help arrived. It would turn into a nasty hostage situation no doubt, and she would be powerless to protect herself. There was no way she could allow him to subdue her again.

Then quit changing your bloody mind, Rey. Make a damn decision and stick to it. If you want to escape, then you know what you need to do...as soon as Kylo heads upstairs to grab the cuffs, you get into that damn drawer and grab a knife. If this is truly what you want to do...and you're fine with living with the consequences for the rest of your miserable life...then take the knife and allow me to step in.

"Fine," Rey spoke aloud, answering both her abductor and alter-ego with a single word.

"Thank you for not fighting me on this, my love," Kylo said, slowing down the Mercedes and making a gentle turn onto the road leading to the cabin.

Lifting her eye line to the windshield, Rey pressed her lips together and swallowed an inappropriate laugh. Not fighting him? Oh, if Kylo only knew what she had in store.

Pulling up to the A-Frame cabin, Kylo carefully eased the SUV to a stop before putting the vehicle in park. Turning off the engine, he gave Rey a warm smile and opened the driver's side door. Quickly exiting the Mercedes, he walked around to the passenger side and opened Rey's door for her; eager to get her inside and begin the process of securing her for the night.

"Come, my love," Kylo said, leaning into the vehicle to unbuckle her seatbelt.

Taking Kylo's hand, Rey allowed him to help her from the SUV and walk her to the front entrance of the cabin. Waiting patiently for him to unlock the wooden door, she let her eyes take their last fill of her captor. Some sick and twisted part of her really had fallen in love with him. It pained her that things had to end this way. She had to save herself, though, and she had to save Poe. Perhaps if they had met under different circumstances, they might have had a good life together.

It was a thought Rey knew would haunt her for the rest of her life.

"After you," Kylo said, turning the brass knob and pushing the door open.

Walking into the cabin, Rey took a handful of steps before stopping herself and turning to watch Kylo as he entered the space. Unsure of what he wanted her to do, she merely studied him as he took off his heavy winter coat and shoved the keys to the SUV and cabin into the front pocket of his jeans. Watching his movements like a hawk, she tried to look as innocent as possible by painting a

sugary sweet smile on her face. It was important for her captor to believe she was as placid as a kitten, she reminded herself.

“Now, what?” Rey asked.

Hanging his coat on the metal hook next to the front door, Kylo moved his attention to Rey and arched an unruly brow. He could see the gears turning in that pretty little head of hers and it annoyed him to no end. Her betrayal was written so painfully on her freckled face. After everything that had transpired between them, she still wanted to run back to the limp dicked pilot. It was a realization that made all of the rage he had suppressed during the car ride flare up once again. Evidently, Rey had made the wrong choice.

“Take off your clothes,” he replied.

Rey scoffed, a tiny laugh pushing past her lips. Take off her clothes? She must have heard him wrong.

“What?” She asked.

Taking a step closer, Kylo narrowed his eyes and straightened his posture in an overtly dominant stance with his hands balling at his sides. He wanted his love to know that she was treading on very thin ice.

“I said...take...off...your...clothes,” he repeated, enunciating every word clearly so that she couldn’t feign ignorance.

Blinking at Kylo, Rey shivered nervously as a rash of goosebumps pebbled her flesh. She didn’t care for that command at all. Surely he didn’t intend on raping her, right?

“But...but, why?” Rey asked.

Clearing the space between he and Rey, Kylo hunched menacingly over her svelte form and forced her to meet his stormy gaze. Almost immediately, terror flashed behind her hazel eyes, causing him to bristle with pride. *Good*, he thought, *she needed to be afraid*.

“So you don’t try to escape, Sweetheart,” he bit, his voice hard and unforgiving, “surely you’re smart enough to realize that if you tried to run outside completely naked, you’d die of hypothermia before you made it halfway down the mountain, hmm? Now take off your clothes before I take them off for you.”

Holding back the hot tears welling in her eyes, Rey pulled her lower lip between her teeth and nodded her head in agreement. Kylo was growing more and more tempestuous as the seconds ticked on and she knew he was barely holding on to the leash restraining his inner beast. Until she held that knife in her hands, she was powerless against him. She needed to play his game just for a little while longer.

With trembling fingers, Rey followed Kylo’s command and began to remove the articles of her winter clothing. Piece by piece, they tumbled onto the darkly stained floor; fanning around her like wrapping paper on Christmas day. Unable to keep her frazzled nerves in check, she felt herself sob just as her cotton panties fell to her feet.

Oh would you just pull yourself together, Rey?! Fucking Hell...the bastard has seen your naked body before. Now is NOT the time to get all emotional. Wipe those tears from your face and do whatever you need to get to that bloody drawer...and if you can’t, then let me step in and take care of things, myself, Sasha growled.

Not wanting Sasha to take control just yet, Rey lifted her rounded chin defiantly and met Kylo's hungry gaze. Her alter ego was right, now was not the time to let weakness set in. She couldn't allow him to think he had any power over her.

"Now what?" Rey asked, trying to best to harden her voice.

Smirking at his little hellcat, Kylo lifted his arms and gently cradled her face between his hands. Bending down slightly, he licked a salty tear from her cheek before moving to claim her opened mouth in a possessive kiss. As livid as he was, he wanted Rey to know that he still desired her with every fiber of his being. He wouldn't have gone through all of this trouble if he didn't desperately need her by his side.

Rey foze beneath Kylo's lips as her brain registered what was happening. Her head was spinning from the mixed signals he continued to throw in her direction. Did he want to fuck her, or did he want to kill her?

Probably both, Sasha snickered, just enjoy the ride while it lasts, hmm?

Deciding to take Sasha's advice, Rey gave into her temptation and returned the kiss with fervor; gliding her lips and tongue over his in a delicious game of give and take. This would be the last time she would ever feel his full lips move against hers and she wanted to take advantage of the moment while it lasted. As demented as their relationship was, Rey knew deep down in her bones that she would miss Kylo. She needed this passionate memory to last her the rest of her days.

After getting lost in the torrid moment, Kylo reminded himself that he still needed to grab the girl's restraints. Reluctantly ending the wanton kiss, he pulled his lips away with a sigh and released his hold of Rey's flushed face. There was nothing he wanted more than to take things further, but he knew they both needed time to forgive one another. They would have plenty of time to enjoy each other physically once they had cooled down.

"Stay here," he said, stepping away from Rey and heading towards the staircase leading to the loft above.

"Ok," Rey whispered.

Taking in a deep, cleansing breath, Rey pushed the consuming kiss from her mind as she watched Kylo make his way up the wooden staircase. Now was her chance, she needed to act quickly.

Certain that Kylo was upstairs in the loft, Rey raced towards the kitchen as fast as she could; her mind intently focused on finding the weapon that would give her her freedom. Finding the corner cabinet, she quickly located the hidden drawer. Pausing a moment to look over her shoulder, Rey yanked on the metal pull only to find the drawer completely bare. Not a single steak knife to be found.

"No!" Rey whispered as she felt her heart plummet to the floor, "no, no, no!"

Well, there goes that idea, Sasha quipped, he's a smart son of a bitch, hmm?

Rey stammered as she felt her adrenaline spike through her veins, completely dumbfounded over the turn of events. The drawer has been filled with steak knives only the night before, where the fuck had they gone? She hadn't imagined them. No, they were *right there*.

Instantly panicking, Rey began to tear through the neighboring drawers; silently cursing herself as she realized that there was nothing inside any of them that she could use to take down Kylo.

She was absolutely fucked.

“Looking for something?” Kylo asked out of nowhere, silently stepping behind Rey.

Whipping around on her heels, Rey held out her hands in a protective measure. She knew she was in imminent danger, but it wasn't until she saw the feral look on Kylo's face that it really began to sink in.

He was going to kill her.

“Looking for the knives, huh? Yeah. About those,” he said, invading Rey's personal space, “you see, I knew that you had found them last night...so, while you were in the bathroom getting dressed this morning I disposed of them. I was hoping you wouldn't be *stupid* enough to go back for them...but once again, you've disappointed me, Sweetheart.”

Opening her mouth to respond, Rey was quickly silenced as Kylo slammed his hands down on the linoleum countertop; effectively caging her against the cabinets and causing her to jump in fear.

“You have failed *every* test I have given you, Rey,” Kylo seethed, leaning his face so close that his long nose nearly touched hers, “*every single one*. Our first kiss in the bunker...the cell phone...trying to escape at the diner...the knives. *I gave you so many fucking chances, Sweetheart* and you failed them all. What am I to do with you, hmm?”

Rey shivered, her nervous body immediately poised for fight or flight. She had severely underestimated her captor. Of course he would test her, why didn't she think he would? Now because of her hubris, she was staring down a snarling wolf on the verge of snapping. There was no way she could overpower him physically, she was completely outmatched.

“I'm...I'm sorry,” she whispered, “I didn't mean--”

“You're sorry?” Kylo interrupted, lifting his hands to roughly grip around her upper arms and giving her a hard shake, “*YOU'RE SORRY?* Well...that fucking doesn't cut it for me.”

Let me out, Rey, Sasha growled, I promise to let you back in as soon as he's dead. I promise, Rey...just let me out!

Not trusting Sasha to keep her promise, Rey struggled against Kylo's hold and glanced around the space of something of use. She was just as capable of murder as the voice in her head. She could take Kylo down.

She would take him down.

“Please...I won't try to run away again...I'm yours...I'll...I'll do whatever you want me to,” Rey pleaded, trying to distract her captor from the object she noticed from the corner of her right eye, “please... *I love you.*”

Raking his livid gaze over the girl's terrified face, Kylo felt himself soften from her heartfelt confession. Rey was a liability, and would always remain one, but he couldn't envision a life without her by his side. She seemed truly remorseful, perhaps he could let her live. *Yes, he had to let her live.*

Rey felt Kylo's tight grip ease around her arms, the small action giving her just the incentive she needed. Seizing on the sudden opportunity, she pushed out a rage filled scream and lifted her knee as high and fast as she could; landing the flat plane of her toned thigh squarely between Kylo's spread legs.

Kylo's face froze as his body registered the acute pain radiating from his injured groin. Letting out a strangled gasp, his powerful form buckled, causing him to release Rey's arms in the process. Time seemed to stop for the dangerous monster. Nothing felt real, it was as if he was experiencing some sort of distorted nightmare.

Bewilderment danced across Kylo's angular features as he watched Rey pull back her balled fist and punch his jaw with enough power to make him see stars. Unable to react in time to defend himself, he felt Rey's bony knuckles make contact once more. This time breaking the fair flesh covering his cheekbone and effectively stunning him into submission.

Hissing in anger, Rey wiggled her naked body away from Kylo as he dropped to his knees. Lunging to her right, she reached for the dense object sitting on the stove. Wrapping her hand around its metal handle, she lifted the iron tea kettle from the burner and swung it wildly. With a horrid 'crack,' the teapot crashed against Kylo's temple; easily splitting his alabaster skin and fracturing his skull.

Rey watched through hazy vision as Kylo's body went limp and collapsed with a heavy 'thud.' Unsure of whether or not he was indeed dead, she threw the kettle on the counter and pulled back her foot to give her abductor a series of heavy kicks against his side for good measure. Not feeling him move or fight back, Rey fell beside him and dug her trembling fingers into the front pocket of his jeans.

Well color me surprised, Sasha praised, you bloody did it, Rey! I didn't think you had it in you.

"Shut up! Shut up!" Rey hissed aloud as a torrent of tears streamed down her face.

Why? Aren't you proud of yourself? You really ought to get a good look at your handiwork, Rey...oh, he looks so beautiful right now. Go on...look.

"I SAID, *SHUT UP!!*" Rey screamed, yanking the fob to the Mercedes free from Kylo's pocket.

Stuffing Sasha into the dark reaches of her mind, Rey stood from Kylo's bleeding form and ran towards the front entrance. She couldn't believe she had actually gone through with it. It was over.

She was free.

Grabbing Kylo's coat from the metal hook next to the door, Rey shimmied the heavy fabric over her shoulders and zipped it to her chin. Adrenaline and endorphins were flooding her muscles, causing her mind to move in a thousand different directions.

There was no rhyme or reason for her actions, now. All she knew was that she needed to get away from Kylo as quickly as possible.

Throwing the door open, Rey ran as fast as she could towards the SUV; not seeming to pay any mind to the icy gravel slicing into the soles of her bare feet. Holding onto the driver's side handle, she pressed the unlocking device and pulled the vehicle's door open. Jumping into the driver's seat, she quickly slammed the door behind her and pushed the ignition button. Expecting the hum of the powerful engine, Rey was shocked when only the radio turned on. 'Ava Adore' blared through the premium speakers lining the cabin of the SUV, drowning her in overwhelming base.

Confused as to why the power train wouldn't start, Rey angrily slapped the mute button on the steering wheel and pressed the ignition switch once again. To her dismay, the engine still wouldn't turn.

"BLOODY HELL!!" Rey cried, wiping another flood of hot tears from her eyes, "COME ON!"

Frantically looking around the dash, Rey searched in vain to find a solution to the problem. There had to be a reason why the SUV wasn't starting. Even with the frigid temperature outside, it was a brand new Mercedes. There was no reason for it not to work.

Your foot, Rey. Sasha said with a sigh, *put it on the damn brake and try again.*

Pausing a moment to look down at her tingling feet, Rey growled at herself and slammed her right foot onto the black brake pedal. Punching the ignition switch for a third time, she laughed in crazed relief as the engine purred to life.

"There...see? You can do this, Rey. You can do this," she told herself, "he's gone. He's *gone*."

Putting the SUV into drive, Rey kept her focus strictly on the windshield ahead and slowly circled the vehicle around to leave the cabin. Suddenly, the gravity of the situation hit her like a ton of bricks. *Just what the fuck had she done?*

Feeling herself teetering on the edge of a panic attack, Rey immediately stopped the Mercedes and closed her blurry eyes. Focusing on steadying her erratic breathing and heartbeat, she tried to imagine all of the good things she would be able to experience again now that she was free. Soon, she would see the man she was meant to be with. She could almost feel Poe's loving arms wrap around her, his lips nuzzling against her neck. She could hear his warm voice whisper sweetly into her ear.

Rey...Rey...

"REY!"

Snapping her eyes open, Rey yelped in shock as Kylo slammed his opened hands against the icy glass of her driver's side window, leaving bloodied handprints in their wake. Not believing what she was seeing, she screamed in terror while her captor slowly dragged his beaten body to the front of the SUV. His face contorted in a snarl filled with outrage and pain.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING, REY?" Kylo yelled, punching his closed fists down upon the hood of the vehicle.

Frozen in sheer panic, Rey could only stare at her captor. *No.* He wasn't really there. This was just a sick figment of her imagination. *Kylo was dead!*

"GET OUT OF THE CAR, NOW!" Kylo growled, once again pounding his hands against the black fiberglass.

"You're not real...you're not real," Rey sputtered.

Oh...but he is, Sasha replied, *run him the fuck over, Rey. Make sure to really kill him this time, hmm?*

Reaching for the gear shift, Rey put the Mercedes into reverse and backed the vehicle away from Kylo's heaving form. Shifting into drive, Rey swallowed hard as she watched Kylo shake his head in disapproval. After everything that had happened, he still didn't believe that she had the power to leave him. That she had the power to kill him. Holding her left foot on the break pedal, she tapped her right foot on the gas. Just enough to rev the engine in warning.

She would prove him wrong.

"YOU'RE *MINE*, REY!" Kylo screamed, his mouth spitting scarlet red blood onto the white snow before him, "YOU WILL ALWAYS BE MINE!"

Swallowing hard, Rey nodded once and gave Kylo a wistful grin. He was right, she mused. She belonged to him.

“Always,” she acknowledged aloud before slamming her foot down upon the gas pedal as hard as she could muster.

Before Kylo had a chance to move, the SUV sprung dangerously forward through the snow; brutally slamming into his broad body and causing him to haphazardly roll from the hood into the windshield. Shattering the tempered glass, Kylo’s form hurtled straight up into the air and over the entire length of the Mercedes as it sped ahead. Snapping bone, ripping muscle, and tearing skin in the process.

Immediately putting her foot on the brake, Rey steered into a fishtail while the vehicle came to a reluctant stop over the frozen road. Looking back in the rearview mirror, she was able to catch Kylo’s body as it landed on the hard gravel like a torn rag doll.

“Oh my god...oh my god,” Rey repeated to herself again and again.

Well...he’s not moving. I think you might have been successful this time, Rey, Sasha said, now get down the bloody mountain before he pops back up like the fucking Terminator.

Agreeing with her alter-ego, Rey gave Kylo’s mangled form one last longing glance before placing her bare foot on the gas pedal and accelerating down the private driveway. Away from Skywalker Ranch and toward the safety of the flashing red and blue lights making their way up the mountain road to greet her.

Rey stared out of the back window of the ambulance, her eyes glossing over as she tried to process all of the emotions currently flowing through her. Anger. Sadness. Elation. Relief. Regret. *Mostly regret.*

What had she done?

Readying a clear oxygen mask, the female paramedic grinned warmly at Rey. Although she was trained to remain neutral at all times, she couldn’t help but feel pity for her new patient. It was clear that she had been through a traumatic experience, the poor girl looked like a beaten puppy.

“You know, we do have more warm blankets to wrap you up in if you want to take off that coat,” she offered, hoping Rey would allow her to remove the tainted article of clothing.

“Hmm?” Rey asked, blinking herself into the present, “oh...no...the blanket on my legs is enough. I’d like to keep this on, if that’s ok?”

“Sure,” said the paramedic, slipping the mask over Rey’s tear stained face, “you can keep it on until we get to the hospital. Now...deep breaths, just try to relax as best as you can. We will be leaving in just a second.”

Nodding her head, Rey took a breath of the cool oxygen and closed her exhausted eyes. Off in the distance, she could still hear the sirens of six police vehicles swarming on the ranch. She didn’t understand why they didn’t turn the bloody things off, it’s not like they had to alert anyone of their presence. Kylo was dead.

At least you hope he is, Sasha taunted.

Not wanting to dwell on the worrisome thought, Rey snuggled herself into Kylo's thick coat and imagined his capable arms wrapping around her. She hoped he forgave her for what she did. Someone had to. God knows she wouldn't be able to forgive herself.

"You're so lucky you were able to get away from that monster," the blonde paramedic offered, typing notes onto the screen of her tablet.

"He's not a mon—," Rey said through the mask, catching herself before she could finish her sentence.

What was that, Rey? Are you actually...defending him? Sasha spat, her tone thick with annoyance, *didn't I tell you to be sure that killing him was what you wanted to do? Didn't I tell you to be FUCKING sure?*

Slamming a mental door on her alter-ego, Rey glanced at the paramedic; the fingers of her right hand toying with band of gold around her left ring finger. She didn't need the other voice in her head to make her feel worse than she already did.

"Yeah, you're right," Rey lied, her voice cracking at the seams.

Winking at her patient, the paramedic lightly tapped her open hand against the metal wall separating the cabs of the ambulance to let her partner know that they were ready to roll. She had already made sure the authorities had alerted Rey's boyfriend of her status and she hoped for her benefit that he would arrive at the hospital soon. In situations like these, it was crucial for victims to have their loved ones nearby as soon as possible.

"Well you don't have to worry, anymore," the paramedic said as the ambulance made its way down the winding road, "you're free of him."

Suppressing a laugh, Rey continued to play with the wedding ring circling her finger. Hardly, she mused. As long as her heart continued to beat, she would never be free of Kylo.

She was his. *Always.*

Chapter End Notes

Ok...breathe...process...how are we feeling? Let me know in the box below and then...GO READ THE EPILOGUE!! <3 <3 <3

Epilogue

Chapter Notes

How are you feeling? Are we ok to continue...because, trust me, you want to continue...

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

6 months later, and 2600 miles away...

Rey frowned at her reflection in the bathroom mirror and fussed with the loose curls framing her face. She didn't like how round it had become over the last few months. Her cheeks were so full, she felt like a squirrel preparing for winter. It made her self conscious every single time she caught an image of herself.

Stepping through the threshold of the master bathroom, Poe couldn't help but smile as his warm brown eyes settled on Rey. Slipping behind her, he wrapped his arms around her torso and gently pulled her flush against him. He knew exactly what she was thinking and was intent on changing the narrative rattling around in her head.

"You're stunning," Poe said, locking his sincere gaze with Rey's in the mirror.

Leaning into his comforting embrace, Rey smirked at the handsome man in the looking glass. He had always been incredibly sweet to her, but was even more so since her return. She was lucky to have him stand by her side through the past six months. His unwavering love and support had kept her from ending it all.

"You're my husband, you *have* to say that," Rey said, glancing to the familiar gold band gracing her left ring finger.

"Well...yes, that I am...but you know I would never lie to you, Sunshine," he purred, moving his hands to cradle the swell of her rounded belly, "you grow more beautiful with every passing day."

"No...I'm getting *fatter* with every passing day," Rey replied with a roll of her eyes.

Pressing a quick kiss to her temple, Poe shook his head in disagreement. He wished Rey could see herself through his eyes. Then she would never doubt her beauty. She was his world and he couldn't imagine a life without her in it.

"That's not fat, Rey...your body is growing a baby," he said, his voice filled with awe, "*our* baby."

Pulling her lips into a forced grin, Rey dropped her gaze to watch Poe lovingly smooth his hands over her pronounced stomach. She found out she was pregnant only a few weeks after her abduction and Poe had immediately claimed the child. Of course there was a chance he *could* be the father, but Rey knew with every fiber of her being that the child wasn't his. She just didn't have the heart to tell him. Besides, Kylo was entombed in a coma the doctor's didn't think he would ever awake from. This way, her son would be raised in a loving home with a father in his life. A *good* father in his life.

It was best for everyone involved if Poe believed that she was carrying his child.

Feeling a small foot kick against his opened palm, Poe let out a pleased laugh, "he's getting strong,

huh?”

That he is Poe...just like his real daddy, Sasha teased.

Ignoring the ever present voice in her head, Rey turned her body in Poe’s arms and raised her hands to hold his beaming face.

“Mmm...he’s getting hungry,” Rey said, wincing slightly as she felt her son kick again, “*really* hungry. Can we go eat, please?”

“Yeah, of course, Sunshine...can’t let you two starve now, can I? What do you feel like having tonight? Let me guess...Italian?” Poe asked with a full smile that crinkled the corners of his eyes.

Laughing in amusement, Rey nodded her head excitedly and leaned forward to brush her lips against his. She had been craving nothing but pasta for months, now. It was a running joke between them. Little did Poe know that what she *really* craved was the spaghetti and meatballs Kylo had made for her the first day of her abduction. That was another little secret she was keeping to herself.

“Mmm...how did I know? I must be psychic or something...I guess it’s a good thing I made reservations at the Adriatic Grill, huh?” Poe said with a wink.

“Oh! You did? Yay! You’re the best, you know that?” Rey said cheerfully.

“Nahh...I’m not, I just want to make you happy, little mama,” Poe said, “I’ll do anything to make you happy...I love you with all of my heart, Mrs. Dameron.”

Giving her new husband a smile, Rey tried her best to hide the pain constricting around her heart. There was no doubt in her mind that Poe’s statement was the absolute truth. He loved her fiercely and completely. She only wished she felt the same.

“I love you, more,” Rey replied, ignoring the dark laugh echoing in the back of her mind.

“Do you like living here, Sunshine?” Poe asked, cutting into his garlic encrusted sirloin.

Swallowing a mouthful of spaghetti, Rey nodded her head before setting her empty fork down on her plate. Although it had taken her some time to get used to the the new city at first, she now found herself loving their new home. She was excited to raise her son someplace safe; far away from the clutches of the Snoke Organization and the memory of Kylo Ren.

“I really do...I can’t believe how beautiful it is, here. With all of the mountains and trees...I didn’t know there was this much green in the whole Country,” she said excitedly, “it makes all of the rain completely worth it.”

“Good,” Poe replied, “because I really love it here...and I think our son will, too. Hey...speaking of our little man, don’t you think we should think of a name?” Poe asked, taking a sip of his beer.

Licking marinara sauce from her lips, Rey hummed an agreement. For whatever reason, they hadn’t really discussed names. It was the one thing she wasn’t sure on. Perhaps because it made this child very real.

“Do you have anything in particular you’re thinking of?” Rey asked.

“I do, Dollface...are you ready for this? It’s a good one, I promise,” Poe said with a lift of his brow.

Laughing lightly, Rey tilted her head and gave Poe a quick roll of her eye. He could be the biggest

ham, sometimes.

“Yes of course! Don’t keep me waiting...what would you like to name him?” Rey asked, patting her belly for extra effect.

Raising his hands to help him sell the name, Poe leaned over the table and settled his eyes on Rey’s amused face. He hoped she would be open to his number one choice.

“Ok...ok...Ace. *Ace Dameron*. Now...now, before you give me that look just think about it for a moment. Just think...let it stew...let roll over your tongue, Sunshine,” Poe encouraged.

Fighting a giggle, Rey pursed her lips together and followed her husband’s request. Ace. Of course he would choose that name. She didn’t immediately hate it, but she didn’t know if it was quite right for her son.

That’s because he should be named after his father, Rey. You know you want to name him ‘Kylo.’ You had a dream about it just last night, for fucks sake! Little Kylo Junior...a spitting image of his lunatic daddy, Sasha quipped.

Mentally growling at her alter-ego, Rey ignored Sasha’s suggestion and gave Poe a slight shrug of her shoulders. She had to admit, the name ‘Ace’ was a slightly better than ‘Kylo’ or ‘Demon Spawn.’

“Little Ace Dameron,” she said aloud, absentmindedly rubbing her stomach, “hmmm...maybe. I’ll think about it.”

Clapping his hands together, Poe smiled triumphantly; pleased that Rey hadn’t immediately shot the name down.

“Take all the time you need, Sunshine,” he purred, “we have what...another three months to go?”

“Mmm...it feels like it’s flying by,” Rey said, “we still have so much to do.”

“We will get everything ready, don’t you worry your pretty little head,” Poe encouraged.

Lifting her water glass to her lips, Rey took a large sip and quietly memorized the look of confidence on her husband’s face. It was moments like this that she was thankful she had made the split second decision to marry Poe. She knew she could always rely on him.

“Thank you...for everything,” Rey said, setting her glass back on the table.

“You don’t have to thank me, Rey...I love you. I’ll always love you...and little *Ace*, ” Poe said with a grin.

Suddenly feeling an internal punch to her bladder, Rey sat straight in her seat and pushed out a hiss. Apparently, her son wasn’t too thrilled at being called by that name.

“Ohh...I need to pee!” Rey said, ungracefully standing from her chair; her belly bumping into the table in the process.

Steadying the square table, Poe gave his wife a knowing smile. Now that she was moving into her third trimester, it seemed as if she was peeing just as often as she did in the first. He felt horrible that she was constantly running to the bathroom.

“Hurry, Sunshine...I’ll order dessert while you’re gone. Carrot cake?”

“Yes, please!” Rey said before walking as quickly as she could to the bathroom, giving Poe a loving glance over her shoulder.

Turning the corner separating the dining room from the rest of the establishment, Rey swiftly made her way towards the ladies room; too distracted by her full bladder to notice a set of heavy footsteps race up behind her. Opening the metal door to the loo, she let out a shocked cry as she suddenly felt someone grab her from behind and push her into the empty restroom.

Not having time to react, Rey’s eyes widened in absolute terror as she felt a large pair of hands wrap around her. One hand lifting to cover her opened mouth, the other pressing possessively over her swollen belly. Not understanding what was happening, Rey froze in place when she heard a familiar, dark voice purr into her ear. His words chilling her to the bone.

“Did you miss me, Sweetheart?”

The End...Or Is It?

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Praxis...please come find me, CoraRiley on tumblr <3 <3 <3

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Hello My Dark Darlings!!

I just wanted you to know that Kylo and Rey's story has continued!! If you would like to read more of their story...check out *DOMINUS*!!

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/14253291/chapters/32870736>

<3 <3 <3

End Notes

So, how did you like it?? Please let me know in the box down below!! As always, my email is always open. You can write me at CoraRileyWrites@gmail.com...and for those that don't know, I'm back on tumblr. You can find me at RoraCiley (yes, that is spelled correctly)...so come find me, again.

Thank you for reading. I know how precious time is and to know you have spent yours reading my work means the world to me!! AGAIN, THANK YOU!! <3 <3 <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!